Upon this Moment depends Eternity:

OR,

Mr. *JOHN DUNTON's* Serious Thoughts upon *the Present and Future State*, in a Fit of Sickneſs that was judg'd *Mortal*, in which many *New Opinions* are Started and Prov'd; and in particular this, *That the ſincere Practice of known Duties, or dying daily to this Life and World, would of it ſelf reſolve the moſt ignorant Perſon in all the abſtruſe Points of the Chriſtian Religion*—Being,

A New Directory for Holy Living and Dying;

Compos'd of the Author's *own Experience* in *Religion*, *Politicks*, and *Morals*, from his *Childhood* to his *Sixty Third Year*, (but more eſpecially during his dangerous Diſeaſe in *Ireland*, in the Year Ninety Eight, when his Life was deſpair'd of)—And Compleated in *Twenty Eſſays upon ſuch Nice and Curious Points in Divinity*, as were never handled before——To which is added,

The Sick-Man's Paſſing-Bell.

To remind all Men of that *Death* and *Eternity* to which they are haſtening.——Containing,

(1.) *God be Merciful to me a Sinner*: Or, *DUNTON* at Confeſſion, in which he diſcovers the *Secret Sins* of his whole Life; with his Reſolutions in what *penitent Manner* (by the Help of God) he'll ſpend *the ſhort Time* he has yet to live.

(2.) *Dunton's Legacy to his Native Country*: Or, A dying Farewell to the moſt Remarkable Perſons and Things both in *Church and State*; with his laſt Prayer (or thoſe very Petitions to Almighty God) with which *he hopes to Expire.*

3. *A Living Man following his own Corpſe to the Grave*: Or, *DUNTON* Repreſented as Dead and Buried, in *an Eſſay upon his own Funeral*—To which is added (for the *Oddneſs* and *Singularity* of it) A Copy of his *laſt Will and Teſtament*—His living ELEGY writ with his own Hand—And the EPITAPH deſign'd for his Tombſtone, in the *New Burying-Place*——Together with

(4.) *The Real Period of* Dunton's *Life*: Or, A Philoſophical Eſſay upon the Nature of that *Grand Climacterick Year Sixty Three*, in which (as few Perſons out-live that Fatal Time) he expects to be actually Buried with that beſt of Wives Mrs. *Elizabeth Anneſley* (alias *Dunton*) with their Reaſons for *Sleeping together in the ſame Grave* 'till the General Reſurrection, as contained in *two Letters* that paſs'd between Mr. *Dunton* and his *Wife*, a few Days before ſhe Dyed.

The whole Directory and *Paſſing-Bell*, ſubmitted to the *Impartial Cenſure* of the *Right Reverend Father in God* WILLIAM *Lord Biſhop of* ELY.

By Mr. *JOHN DUNTON*, a Member of the *Athenian Society*, *and Author of the Eſſay intitled*—The Hazard of a Death-bed Repentance.

We all are ſeiz'd with the Athenian *Itch,*
News, and New Things, do the whole World bewitch—Dr. Wild.

Printed for *S. Popping* in *Pater-noſter-Row.*—Price 1 *s.* 6 *d.*

TO

The Right Reverend Father in God,

WILLIAM

Lord Bishop of ELY.

My Honoured Lord,

THAT this *poor Offering* from the most Affectionately Devoted of your Lordship's Servants, humbly presumes to lay it self at *your Lordship's Feet*, is not out of any *high Opinion* of my Performance, (tho' call'd *A New Directory for Holy Living and Dying*) but purely as a Testimony of that *profound Respect and high Veneration*, so justly due from, and sincerely Paid *your Lordship* by *every true British Protestant.*

My Lord, Whilst all the World is in an Hurry tossed here and there with *Vanity* and *Vexation*, whilst few or none almost are looking after their *Future State*, or regarding what will become of them to *Eternity*; I judged it not amiss a little to call my *Fellow-Sinners* aside, to peruse such serious Thoughts concerning *the Present and Future State* (or that MOMENT of Time upon which an ETERNITY depends) as came into my Mind some Years ago in a Fit of Sickness that was judged Mortal, (but more especially in *Ireland* in the Year *Ninety Eight*, whilst I pass'd away *some Restless Nights* in a dangerous Disease in which my Life was despair'd of.)

It was a Custom in former Times for great Men to make them *Sepulchres* in their *Gardens* to mind them of Death, in the midst of the Pleasures of this Life; this *New Directory for Holy Living and Dying* may not unfitly be termed a *Garden*, wherein, whosoever takes a daily Walk, will find that *Titles of Honour* are witten in Dust, and that Princes and great Men must die; that their very Monuments are Mortal, and will in time be found as *Archimedes* his Tomb (by *Cicero*) in *Vepretis*, overgrown with Thorns and Briars: And that even poor Men too (who have no Comet, Prodigy, or Earthquake to toll the Knell of their Departure, but) who do as it were steal into their silent Graves with no greater Noise than can be made by a Branch of

Rosemary or Sprig of *Lawrel*) have Precious and Immortal Souls to save as well as they; with the Methods and Courses both should take to get *saving Grace*, and the *Knowledge of Christ*, which will prove a Possession for them to Eternity.

So that my *Readers* will find in my NEW DIRECTORY both *Instructions* to guide them, and *Comforts* to support them in their Journey on Earth till they arrive at their Heavenly Country; and as their Stay in this World is very uncertain, I have endeavour'd to Prove (in the *Following Directory*) that 'tis every Man's D[illegible] (from the King to the Beggar) *To live every Day as if it were his last*; and, for that Reason, I intitle these serious Thoughts *A new Directory for holy Living and Dying*; for having now done with POLITICKS (*i.e.* having published *Forty Political Tracts* to detect his Majesty's Enemies, when Plotting in the Royal Palace, and other Parts of *Great-Britain* and *Ireland* to restore the Pretender, which I printed at the Hazard of my Life and Fortune; and therefore intitled, my Early, Bold, and Successful Discoveries—*Neck or Nothing*—*Queen Robin*—And, *The Impeachment*, &c.) I shall spend the remaining Part of my Days on Subjects that *chiefly Respect the other World*, as believing, that the frequent Meditation upon Death (and that Eternity which follows it) is the best Motive to an Holy Life; and therefore as your Lordship comes *the neareſt to Perfection in your Preaching and Living* of any Prelate (or Minister) that I ever heard or knew, I judg'd you *the fitteſt Patron*, to whom I could inscribe those serious Thoughts in my *late Sickness*; which are the Subject of this First Part of my *New Directory* (in which I have advanc'd many Things *wholly New and Unblown upon*, but more especially where I prove that *every Man is or might be his own Parson*) and as I submit all my New Opinions to your Lordship's *Impartial Censure*, I hope they will meet with a kind Acceptance with all such Pious Minds that know your Lordship will approve of no *new Discoveries in Religion*, but what are Orthodox.

(For such Criticks ought to Blush for their great Ignorance, who suspect New Speculations in *Divinity* to be an Enemy to Religion) However, I must own to your Lordship I was so Early seiz'd with the ATHENIAN ITCH, that my whole *Directory* is composed of my own Experience in *Religion*, *Politicks*, and *Morals*, from my Childhood to my Sixty-third Year (in which many pious Novelties are started and proved) and is writ in imitation of *Montaign*'s Essays, who makes his own Experience the chiefest Argument in all his Writings; and therefore as my *Essay* intitled—*The Hazard of a Death-Bed Repentance*—was so well received (*by the sincere Christian of all Perswasions*) as to encourage me to compleat it in a *Tenth Edition*

(which is now ready for the Press) *I* hope my *new Experimental Directory*, will meet with the *like good Success*; however to make amends for any thing of Errors which have happened through Ignorance or Prejudice, or want of a more nice Disquisition into the Nature of Holy Living and Dying, I think fit to promise the World, that the remaining Parts of my *New Directory* shall have the Inspection of the whole *Athenian Society* (of which I have the Honour to be a Member) and shall be compleated in Twenty Essays upon such *nice and curious Points in Divinity*, as were never handled before; to which I shall add *The sick Man's Passing-Bell*, to remind others as well as my self of that Death and Eternity to which we are all posting as fast as the Wings of Time (or Day and Night) can carry us thither.

My Lord---I shall only presume to add, if Success in my honest Design of reforming my Fellow Subjects (both in their Religion, Politicks and Morals) answer my Wishes and Prayers, I shall ask no greater Happiness or Reward in this World, except it be a Deliverance from those Debts which I have contracted in the Service of my King and Country, that so (my few remaining Days being made a little easy and comfortable) I might have Nothing further to do in this *Moment* of Time, but to prepare for that Eternity that depends upon it; and I have great Hopes of being thus Happily deliver'd from *Debt* (the great Aversion of my whole Life) not only as I have often ventured my ALL in detecting the Enemies to *the Protestant Succession in the Illustrious House of* Hanover (as is largely proved in ——*the Narrative of my Services and Sufferings in the glorious Cause of Religion and Liberty*---Annext to this first Part of my *new Directory*) but also as I have the Honour to be one of those *Clergymens Sons* to whom his Majesty has promised "That they shall always have his Pro-"tection and Encouragement; and for that Reason (to use the Words of my Reverend Friend Mr. *Timothy Rogers*, "I reckon it "among the Felicities of my Life to have been a Prophet's Son, as my descending from the Tribe of *Levi* does in a very distinguisht Manner recommend me to his Majesty's Favour, which I have great Reason to expect, as 'tis now a National Complaint that my desperate Venture of NECK or NOTHING to secure the Protestant Succession in his Illustrious House, has gone Nine Years unrewarded (as will be proved by my Brethren the Sons of the Clergy, in a Petition to the King at his Return from *Hanover*) Then sure I am, wou'd such a *Right Reverend Father in God* as the Bishop of ELY, (who has greatly distinguished his Affection to Ministers Children by a noble Gift to the *Sons of the Clergy*, but so far Condescend, as to represent to his Majesty my present deplorable Case, by Reason of Debts contracted in serving the Publick; this great Goodness in your

Lordship

Lordſhip (to the Eldeſt Son, Grandſon, and Great Grandſon of a Reverend Divine of the Church of *England*) wou'd ſo effectually deliver me from all my Troubles (his Majeſty having promiſed "Never to forget his Obligations to thoſe that have diſtinguiſh'd "themſelves in his Service) that I ſhould have nothing further to do in this Tranſitory Life, but to get ready for my everlaſting State; and this, I judge will be beſt done by practiſing thoſe ſerious Thoughts that compoſe my *new Directory for holy living and Dying.*

That your Lordſhip may long continue *a bright Luminary* of our Church, a Glorious Aſſerter of Religion and Liberty, and a ſhining Pattern of Piety, Charity, and Moderation, and all other Chriſtian Virtues on Earth, and Late, very Late, be tranſlated from the SEE of *ELY*, to an Immortal *Diadem*, is, was, and to my laſt Breath ſhall be the Hearty Wiſh, and Earneſt Prayer of him, who is with the Profoundeſt Reſpect and Reverence,

My Honoured Lord,

Your Lordſhip's

Moſt Humble Servant,

JOHN DUNTON.

This *FIRST PART* of *the New Directory for Holy Living and Dying* (together with this *Dedication)* were both prepared for the Peruſal (and *Impartial Cenſure*) of the Right Reverend Father in God *WILLIAM* Lord Biſhop of *ELY*, ſeveral Days before the *much lamentd Death* of that truly Pious, and learned *Prelate.*

The *SECOND PART* of Mr. *John Dunton's New Directory for Holy Living, and Dying*, will contain the *Four following Eſſays*, viz.

ESSAY IV. ——— *'Tis eaſier to be Sav'd then Damn'd*; or *DUNTON's* Search into the Pleaſures of a Religious Life, wherein he proves the *Self-Denying Chriſtian* (or Man in earneſt for Heaven) takes greater Delight in *Mortifying the Sins of the Fleſh*, then the greateſt Libertine does in the Injoyment of his *moſt Beloved Luſt.—Her ways are ways of Pleaſantneſs, and all her Paths are Peace*, Prov. 3. 17.

ESSAY V. ——— *Dunton's Creed*, (or the Religion of a Low Churchman) containing ſuch *a New Syſtem of Moderate Principles* (or Right way to Heaven between all Extreams) as the *High Churchmen* now diſlike, but wiſh they had Practiced when they come to die. Writ in Imitation of Dr. *Brown's RELIGIO MEDICI.—Let your Moderation be known unto all Men. The Lord is at hand*, Phil. 4. 5.

The DEDICATION.

Once in an Age the Moderate Man is in Faſhion; each Extreme courts Him to make 'em Friends——Dr. *Fuller.*

We agree in every Thing, and quarrel about Nothing.—Archbiſhop *Tillotſon*'s Sermon before Queen *Mary.*

ESSAY VI. *God be merciful to me a Sinner*; or, *Dunton* at Confeſſion: in which he diſcovers *the Secret Sins of his whole Life,* (but not thoſe of *Whoredom, Slandering, Injuſtice,* &c. ——of which he challenges his worſt Enemies to prove him ONCE Guilty) with his RESOLUTIONS in what penitent manner (by the help of God) he'll ſpend the SHORT TIME he has yet to live.—*And the Publican ſtanding afar off, would not lift up ſo much as his Eyes unto Heaven, but ſmote upon his Breaſt, ſaying, God be merciful to me a Sinner,* Luke 18. 13.

Who can underſtand his Errors? Cleanſe thou me from my Secret Faults, Pſal. 19. 12.

He that Repents is well near Innocent.—*St. Auſtin.*

ESSAY VII.—— *The Happineſs of not having our great Work to do when we come to Languiſh upon a Sick Bed,* or an experimental Eſſay upon *The Whole Duty of Man.* To which is added, *A View of Primitive Chriſtianity, as exemplified in the Holy Life and Triumphant Death of that Beſt of Wives Mrs.* Elizabeth Anneſley (*alias DUNTON*). Alſo an Anſwer to this important Queſtion, *Whether an Aſſurance of Heaven is poſſible in this World?* With a late Inſtance of it in *Mr.* Albyn's *Evidences for Eternal Life,* which are here printed from *the Original Copy,* and declared a good Title to Heaven, by *ſeveral Eminent Divines.*—— *Give Diligence to make your Calling and Election ſure,* 2 Pet. 1. 10.

Many Daughters have done Virtuouſly, but thou excelleſt them all, Prov. 31. 29.

Reader—— Note, The Titles to all the REMAINING Eſſays (being Seventeen in Number) that are to compleat both by my *New Directory,* and *Sick-Man's-Paſſing-Bell,* ſhall be inſerted in the *Second Part of my New Directory,* in which the Reader may expect thoſe FOUR ESSAYS that are promiſed in this *Firſt Part.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

BY Reaſon of the Author's *Neceſſary Abſence from the Preſs,* ſeveral ERRORS have eſcaped *Correction,* which 'tis hoped the *Candid Reader* will either *Pardon,* or *Amend* with his Pen, as he reads the *following Sheets.*

ESSAY

ESSAY I.

Labour in vain; or, a Fruitleſs Search after Earthly Happineſs; being Dunton's *experimental Eſſay upon the Miſeries and Vanities of human Life (but more eſpecially thoſe that Relate to his own Perſon) in which the tempting Features of Honour, Riches, Pleaſure in the Time of his Health, are compared with their frightful Looks, when he thought he was ſeized with Death.*

Publiſhed to warn *all Men* againſt ſetting their Hearts on this *Vain World*, but more eſpecially thoſe *Knaviſh Directors*, that lately rob'd the Kingdom of *Immenſe Riches*, by their wicked Execution of the *South Sea* Scheme.

Then I looked on all the Works that my Hands had wrought, and on the Labour that I had laboured to do: and behold, all was Vanity and Vexation of Spirit, and there was no Profit under the Sun, Eccleſ. 2. 11.

Nam quid longa dies homini niſi longa dolorum Colluvies? —*Mant.*
What is a long Life, but even a continued ſink of Sorrows?

THE Art of *knowing ones ſelf*, is, what ſome *Heathens* have much talked of, but what ſome *Chriſtians* have better practiced, And in Truth, *it is ſo deſireable a Perfection*, that it is much to be wiſh'd, that the *ſeveral Stations and Degreees of Men* were Acquainted with it; however, *Noſce te ipſum*, is a Leſſon a Man can never Learn too late; and therefore, tho' for *Sixty three* Years I have lived ſo much a Stranger to my ſelf, that I have had little Leiſure, and leſs deſire to contemplate the *Miſeries and Vanities of human Life*, (ſo far as I have experienced them in my own Perſon) but ſeeing (as *Cowley* ſays) —*The Voyage Life is longeſt made at Home.*— I'll now compare the tempting Features of *Honour*, *Riches*, *Pleaſure* in the Time of my Health, with their *Frightful Looks*, when I thought I was

ſeized with Death in *Ireland*, in the Year *Ninety Eight*; for how can I better improve my RECOVERY from a dangerous Deſeaſe that was judged Mortal, than by ſhewing how I have LABOUR'D IN VAIN, for the whole Time I have yet liv'd? (*i. e.* Diſcover what a *Fruitleſs Search I have made* after Earthly Happineſs for *Sixty three Years*) for as *Death* and *I* muſt ſhortly be better Acquainted, it will certainly be my *Wiſdom* as well as my *Intereſt* to Familiarize it to my ſelf before-hand; and I do not know how that can be better done, than by contemplating —*The Miſeries and Vanities of human Life, in all its various Changes and Conditions*— And then to look upon Death as the Great *Panpharmacon and Remedy of all thoſe Evils that* LIFE Subjects us to.

That I may make *my own Experience* the chiefeſt Argument in the following ESSAY, upon *the Miſeries and Vanities of human Life*; my SERIOUS THOUGHTS both in this, and all thoſe *Twenty ESSAYS* that are to compleat my *New Directory for Holy Living and Dying*; ſhall be chiefly ſuch as may be uſeful to *my own Heart and Practice*, for the few remaining Days I have yet to live.

And here I ſhall firſt Obſerve, how ill are poor human Creatures by Nature provided againſt the innumerable Miſeries of this Life; we are born Weak and Helpleſs, Dependent and meer Slaves, and ſo we continue ſome Years under Diſcipline better or worſe, according to the Hands we light into, and to whom we owe our firſt Education, which proves too often a great Addition to our Miſery; for be the Principles better or worſe we firſt receive by them; we form our Habits, and *launch into the World* ſo well furniſhed, as we think, with thoſe Principles, we need no better, but venture upon all Dangers and Temptations, before ever Reaſon or Experience, have taught us to miſtruſt our Imbecility and Ignorance of thoſe Illuſions the World abounds with, and which we find every where preſented to our Senſes, that are but *too apt to Conſpire with thoſe deceitful Objects* to betray us; ſo that if we have happily eſcaped the deforming of our Bodies, by the careleſneſs of Nurſe and Mother, we are under a much greater Hazard in the *forming of our Minds*; our Parents being ſeldom ſo Moderate as to take a proper Care, but uſually deſtroy all, either by a too fond Indulgence making us both our own Maſters and theirs, or by a *Tyrannical Severity* teach us nothing but ſlaviſh Submiſſion to their Humours; and ſome Parents are of ſuch looſe Principles, nothing can injure us more than their Teaching and Example; and here lies our Miſery, that as we derive from our Parents the ſeeds of all Vice, ſo for want of Care to Irradicate 'em in our firſt Tuition, they ſpring up to a World of Misfortunes, which ſoon appear when we are once entered upon that Theatre, where we propoſe to meet with nothing but Pleaſure and Advantage, and all that we ſee others poſſeſs'd of, eſpecially thoſe of our own Condition and Capacity; to which our great Opinion of our ſelves Levels a great many much above us, in every reſpect our Self-love, and want of Experience, keeps us from any miſtruſt of our Abilities, or the treacherous Deſigns of others; we take all thoſe to be our Friends that *carry us on in our Miſtakes*, and never go about to undeceive us; we think it the greateſt Tyranny and Injuſtice to be deny'd the Liberty of experimenting all the Miſchiefs that attend our *Vices*, our *Vanity*, *Ambition* and *Curioſity*; we meaſure our Happi-

neſs by the General Vogue and Opinion of the World, and thoſe tha make the Figure that procures the greateſt Applauſe, are our Pattern to imitate, and we are ſo *dazled with the approaching Glory* we promiſe our ſelves, we neither ſee nor conſider the Charms of Vertue, which has of all others the leaſt Share in the general Applauſe; and yet the deſigning to our ſelves ſo large a Share of *Wordly Greatneſs*, without reſpect to Virtue, is that which Poiſons all our Faculties both of Soul and Body; it gives us up to the Tyranny of what ever *Pride*, *Exceſs* and *Vanity* can Subject us to, beſides all the uneaſy Cuſtoms, and exteriour Ceremonies attending Greatneſs, which inſlaves us to all our *Dependants*, and wherein we invert the Order of our Creation, turning that which was deſigned *to Humble* and make us know our ſelves, into occaſions of *Pride* and *Oſtentation*; our *Cloathes*, the indication of our Shame and Miſery, we make the Subject of our Pride and Glory; the exceſſive *Curioſity*, *Time* and *Money* we beſtow upon 'em, ſhews how much we value 'em, and our ſelves for 'em, while we as much deſpiſe and ſcorn thoſe that want 'em, and all our other Weakneſſes and Neceſſities we ſupply with ſo much *Pomp* and *Magnificence*; we ſee nothing in 'em to Humble us, but rather what augments our Pride, by diſtinguiſhing ourſelves by that means from thoſe *whoſe Neceſſities* are ſupply'd by Ways more Natural and Inſtructing; and thus while *Pride* has the Aſcendant, all our Paſſions are kept in Slavery to Fancy, a *wanton Favourite* who places it on whom ſhe pleaſes, and is obeyed by all, even *Pride* it ſelf; there is nothing ſo *Vain*, ſo *Mean*, and *Baſe*, that is not made the object of our Love at Fancies Pleaſure, who Cheates us with *ſuch variety and change of Objects*; they ſtay not long enough to be conſider'd, but are laid aſide before we can perceive their *Emptineſs* and *Vanity*; thus LOVE the nobleſt Paſſion of the Mind, deſtin'd for *ſupernatural Delight and Joy*, when ſo miſplaced, there is nothing it ſo certainly procures, as *Miſery and Vexation*, for Shame and Repentance is the neceſſary Conſequence of any conſiderable Miſtake, and ſure none can be greater; for no Earthly Object, be it *Man or Woman*, can juſtify our Obſtinacy and Conſtancy to ſuch an *Inordinate Affection*, as Fancy generally creates in all her Slaves, which ſhe ſubmits in theſe Occaſions to the *Baſeſt Drudgery*, making us ridiculous both to our ſelves and others.

Then in another *turn of Fancy* ſhe calls up *Anger* to Reſent and Revenge, whatever ſhe eſteems an Injury, and judges that Man *unworthy to live* that makes the leaſt miſtake in paying the Reſpect he owes us, and where the Laws are wanting to the indemnity of our *Honour*, we are forced to be Judge and Executioner our ſelves, tho' with the forfeiture of our own Lives; which when effected Fancy in that caſe, makes Pride ſubmit to ſneak and hide our ſelve as the baſeſt Villain from the Juſtice of the Laws, this ſhe calls *Honour*, and *Pride* muſt think it ſo; and whatever Vice reigns, *Fancy* never failes to have her ſhare in the Dominion.

The neceſſity of *ſuſtaining our Bodies* with Meat and Drink, which naturally ſhews our *Mortality*, we have with *Art* and *Curioſity* ſo improved the Pleaſure (which was at firſt deſigned only to make a Thing ſo neceſſary, *eaſy and deſirable*) it conquers our Reaſon, and leaves us only the *Senſe of Brutes*, which would appear to all the World, if *Fancy* di

not interpoſe, and by a ſtrange and unaccountable Illuſion, make it paſs for Hoſpitality and Living Great; *Good Fellowſhip*, or *Charity*, or ſome good Quality, to which it has as much Reſemblance, as the Dictates of Humour to thoſe of Reaſon; this Tyranny ſhe not only exerciſes over our *Paſſions* and *Appetites*, but extends her Dominion ſo far, as to preſs the *Virtues*, tho' Foreigners, into her Service, and with her Barbarous Uſage, they are in a manner *transformed into Vices*. How unworthily is *Patience* employed by the Ambitious to bear ſuch Trials, Labours, and Diſappointments, as would diſcourage any one that were not under *this Inchantment*? *Vanity* alſo has her Share in the Service of Patience, to endure all the Care, Expence, and Fatigues, neceſſary to ſupply with Art and Curioſity, that wonderful Variety impoſed in thoſe Arbitrary Laws of Fooleries and Impertinences, that takes up ſo much Time and Study to Learn and Obſerve.

Charity is another Virtue, no leſs abuſed by the *Vain-Glorious*, who beſides the Aim they have at raiſing themſelves *a great Name and Reputation*, they deſign the Slavery of all the unhappy Perſons that have ever been beholding to 'em, and think they never are enough their Creatures; but after much expence of Time and Service, call 'em *Ungrateful* upon the leaſt occaſion. But *Charity* is never ſo miſimploy'd as in the fair Conſtruction the World obliges it to put upon *the Works of Darkneſs*; while all reaſonable ſuſpicion of Ill is called *uncharitable Cenſures*, 'tis to this we owe the great Credit and Reputation ſuch Perſons carry in the World with all their *Vices*, when Cloaked and Masked with any *the leaſt colour of Vertue*; this good natur'd Charity accepts the fair Pretences, and forbids us to Suſpect or Examine, and ſo becomes a great *Patroneſs of Vice*.

Another Virtue miſimploy'd is *Courage*, when to the injury of Truth and Virtue, in which it chiefly ought to be concern'd, it is uſed by Fancy in defence of *all manner of Vices* never ſo extravagant. *Honour* ſometimes draws us into ſuch Dangers, all our *Courage* ſerves only to pleaſe Fancy in *an honourable Death*, but not enough to ſupport us in what ſhe accounts an *Infamous Life*, which is, to want the Reputation of ſuch a Courage, as *defies Heaven* and all Kind of Dangers, and dares even *Hell and Damnation*, or *the Devil* himſelf.

The *Sordid Covetous Man* alſo wants not Courage to live in Defiance of all that the World can ſay againſt him, and undauntedly bears all *the Curſes of the Poor and Indigent*, by whoſe Wrong and Injury he has Enriched himſelf: In a Word, without an exceſs of Courage none would venture to engage themſelves in *Vice*, and the *Miſchiefs* that attend it; for nothing more augments our Miſery than *the many Neceſſities created by our unruly Paſſions and vain Fancies* to the expence of more Time and Money, than the greateſt Quality or ampleſt Fortune can ſatisfie with any true Pleaſure, but what is accompanied with *much Sorrow and Vexation of Mind*.

Now to what Confuſion and Miſery muſt we needs be reduced, whilſt we thus form deſtructive Deſigns, and in a miſtaken Notion, believe we are purſuing Pleaſure and Happineſs? And when we have tired out our Paſſions, abuſed our Virtues, and inſlaved our Reaſon, and found nothing but the Experience of the perpetual Diſappointment of our ill grounded

grounded Hopes, we find what we least looked for; *Shame* and *Repentance* must be our Portion at last, and can only set us right in the true Way to Happiness, which can never be had in this World from any outward Enjoyments; they are the delusions of Fancy, and must certainly Cheat us in the End, and after a full Experience of these Miseries; (and far from the Happiness we promised ourselves,) we find at last a Necessity of taking other Measures. But alas! our *Vicious Habits and Depraved Customs* is become our Nature, and can no more be changed than *Age for Youth*; but were it possible, it would be little less than Martyrdom to suffer the Importunity of *our old Companions in Vice*, who would impute such a Design to the Greatest Folly, Weakness, and want of Courage; and easily prevail with us not to undertake a Thing so Troublesome and Difficult, but rather Advise us to take *what Pleasures our Age and Condition will afford us*, and banish all Thoughts of another World; but the decays of Age and Sickness (the inevitable effects of a *debauched Life*) will, without our Leave, convince us how *Miserable* our Mistakes have made us.

But if Vice is followed with such *a Train of Mischief and Confusion*, may we not expect to be exempt from the Greatest Part of these Miseries, by *a Sober and Regular Conduct*, and live with Ease and Tranquility in the enjoyment of what we find *suitable to rational Beings*, and more answerable to the Ends of our Creation.

Let us then consider *a happy Education from our Infancy*, and see how that secures us from these *Miseries*, tho' our kind Parents keep us in strict Discipline under their own Eye; this secures us not from many *Accidents* and *Misfortunes*, not in their Power to prevent; nay, perhaps 'tis for their Punishment we fall into 'em, when they impute too much to their own *Care*, or *Pride* themselves in their *Great Conduct*.

But suppose we have escaped *most Accidents and Misfortunes* in our *Infancy*, our Parent's or Governor's next Care is, to furnish us with such *Principles* as must fit and prepare us for our *Converse* with the World, and defend us against those *Dangers and Temptations* we are sure to meet with; the first Thing we are to learn is *Obedience*, we all know the *Uneasiness* of that Doctrine to Youth, who are more ready to teach, than learn and envy our *Parents*, for nothing so much as the Dominion they exercise over us, and that *Obedience*, which only Interest and Self-Love extorts from us, is apter to create a Prejudice to their Rules, than a true Use of 'em for our *Use and Instruction*; and so our *Youth* (the proper Time of fortifying our Minds and improving our Knowledge) is spent in *conspiring against Instruction*, and taking part with our unruly *Wills and Affections*, against those that endeavour to warn us by their *Experience*; we think there can be nothing but *Envy* and *Ill will* in denying us the experimenting the Pleasure of *Good and Evil*, and judging of it ourselves, having no mistrust of our *Weakness* and *Incapacity* to do it, and that we are more likely to be cheated by the inchanting Pleasures of this deceitful World: But how many Difficulties, Vexations and Follies must be the Consequence of such Proceedings? Enough to give our Parents great Advantage of convincing us of our *Rashness* and *Folly*, and perswading us to begin again at *Obedience*, to which must be added *Self-denyal*, a hard Lesson, but so necessary, that without it neither

ther *Reaſon* nor *Self-love* can help us; but we muſt needs be baffled by the prevailing Force of our *Strong Paſſions* and *Temptations*; but having once learned theſe *Habits of Obedience and Self-denyal*, our Parents may then promiſe themſelves all manner of Compliance to what ever they ſhall think fit to Propoſe, as a means of our *Future Subſiſtence*, or for the Eſtabliſhment of their Intereſt or ours, but purely by Authority and the force of *Reaſon* they muſt never hope to ſucceed, for the Examples in all Ages, ſhews how *Vain* and *Uncertain* all deſigns of that Nature prove; 'tis hardly ever ſeen that the Child's Sentiments ſuits theParent's, becauſe *Reaſon* and *Experience* governs the one, *Fancy* and *Ambition* the other; but a continual Practice of *Self-denyal* and *Obedience* may have that effect upon us as to procure a Compliance tho' much againſt our *Inclinations*; for where we find our *Intereſt*, *Self-Love* is never wanting to perſwade us to a kind of *Obedience*, even to what we diſapprove, which is the Principle we Act by *all the reſt of our Life*, for when we are no longer under Government, tho' we look upon *Pleaſure*, *Honour* and *Riches* as Things very deſirable, yet when we conſider they are ſo Tranſcient, Vexatious and Deceitful in themſelves, and draw ſuch a Train of Miſchiefs after 'em, if we love our Eaſe and Quiet we ſhall never trouble our ſelves with them, but *try to be Happy without 'em.*

What does *Luxury* bring us but *Groſs, Corpulent and Unwildy Bodies*, dull and heavy Minds, Sickneſs and Diſeaſes; it decays our Natures, ſpends our Fortunes, it waſts our Time (in all the impertinences of idle Company) it makes *Reaſon a Slave to Senſe*, and turns us into Brutes.

Honour that carries ſo high a Reputation in the World, is as great an Enemy to *Eaſe and Quiet*; all the Pleaſure of it conſiſts in outward Pomp and Splendour, and the *exteriour Ceremonies the World pays it*; but ſo many Miſchiefs attends that Condition, as much allays the Pleaſure, our Perſons and Actions are no longer our own, we cannot purchaſe *Reſpect* and *Admiration* from our Dependants, but at the price of our Liberty we muſt *waſte our precious Time in Pomp and Ceremony*, we are obliged to act Virtuouſly under the ſtrongeſt Temptations to *Vice and Vanity*, and to have a true Senſe of our Frailties and Infirmities, tho' we are *never told the Truth*, or ever hear any thing from our Flatterers but *continual Encomiums upon our Perfections*; we cannot without Violence to our Paſſions and Inclinations curb and reſtrain 'em, and not to do it, lets in *a Torrent of Miſchiefs*, and makes us the Object of *Hatred* and *Envy*; which taking Advantage of all our Miſcarriages, marks 'em with *Infamy*, and the Contagion our ill Actions ſpreads amongſt all the vain Admirers of our Greatneſs (who Conduct themſelves by our Example) is enough to perſwade, all that *love Eaſe and Quiet*, not to aſpire after a Condition of ſo much Difficulty and Danger.

Another great Idol of the World is *Riches*, through a miſtaken Conceit that they procure us *all that is neceſſary to make us Happy in this Life* tho' none can properly be eſteemed RICH but thoſe *whoſe Fortunes far exceeds their Neceſſities*, and to ſuch, their *Riches* oftener procures their Miſery than Happineſs; for our *Frail Nature* can hardly reſiſt the ſtrong Temptation of *Loving that inordinately*, of which we receive and expect *ſo much Good*, and which according to the World, makes up for all other

Wants, and Defects either of *Body* or *Mind*, but the illusion of this *Imaginary Happiness* appears in that, there is more Uneasiness than Pleasure in taking much Care and Concern for Things we have *no Use of*, and a great deal of Trouble and Business attends that Management, and disposing of *Riches* in their best use, but if once we are overcome with *a violent Love of 'em*, the restless Cares and Fears they create are inexpressible, *and no real Good* can they procure us.

A good Name that every one seeks after, nothing deprives us of more than *Riches*; for whether we keep or part with 'em, we shall *never Satisfy*, we are Censured and Hated by the *Envious* and *Ungrateful World*, who would be carving to themselves of what we have more than enough, and think we might *Spare them more* than we do.

If Health be wanting, *Riches* may make us more easy by the supply of all necessary Remedies, but can't make us *Healthful*, nay, rather helps to destroy it, by furnishing to all the means of *Luxury*, *Effeminacy* and *Sensuality* the most certain procurers of *Sickness* and *Infirmities*.

But without *a calm and quiet Mind*, vain is our Pretence to Happiness, which *Riches* is so far from procuring, they hardly secure us from the *Fears and Distrusts of the Wants and Necessities* of this Life; so little can Riches be rely'd on while so subject to *Changes and Uncertainties*, and our great Love to 'em adds to *the Terror of Death and old Age*, which daily threatens a Divorce, if nothing else deprive us of 'em before: these will *both certainly come* and put an end to all our Pleasures and Enjoyments, which is a *Fair Warning* to all Men against setting their Hearts on this *Vain World*, (but more especially those *Knavish Directors* that lately robb'd the Kingdom of *Immense Riches* by their Wicked Execution of the *South-Sea Scheme.*) Then

Farewell—Fruition— *thou Grand Cruel Cheat,*
Which first our Hopes dost raise, and then defeat;
Farewell thou Midwife *to abortive* Bliss,
Thou Mystery of Fallacies.
Distance presents the Object Fair,
With Charming Features *and a Graceful Air;*
But when we come to seize the inviting Prey,
Like a shy Ghost *it Vanishes away.*
So to th' unthinking Clown *the distant Sky,*
Seems on some Mountain's Surface *to rely;*
He with Ambitious Haste *climbs the Ascent*
Curious to touch the Firmament;
But when with an unwearied Pace,
Arrived he is at the long wish'd-for Place,
With Sighs the sad Defeat he does deplore,
His Heaven is still as distant as before.
And yet 'twas long e'er I could see,
This Grand Impostor's *frequent Treachery,*
Tho' often Fool'd, yet I shou'd still Dream on
Of Pleasure in Reversion.

Tho'

Tho' ſtill he did my Hopes deceive,
His Fair Pretenſions, *I would ſtill believe:*
Such was my Charity, *that tho' I knew,*
And found him Falſe, yet I would think him True.

NORRIS.

But were we ſo *Happy* as to have a true *Idea* of theſe three great Idols of the World, *Pleaſure*, *Honour* and *Riches*, it wou'd in a great Meaſure abate *the Miſeries of this Life*; but ſuch is our Blindneſs in this *our Weak and Frail Condition*, we are eaſily led away with *falſe Appearances*, we ſee nothing to Fear in what *carries away all the World* with Triumph and Applauſe.

Yet, with *Time*, and *ſad Experience*, we may come to know ſo much of theſe *vain empty Pleaſures* that with no better Teacher than our own *Self-Love*, we may be ſecured from any very fatal Fall into thoſe Snares and prevailing Temptations by *Studying to avoid* 'em with Care and Diligence.

And then *Self-Love* may perhaps inſpire us with an Ambition of a better Kind, yet in which we ſhall find *no leſs Uneaſineſs*, which is the Improvement of our natural Endowments by *Learning and Knowledge*, in which we promiſe our ſelves both *Pleaſure* and *Advantage*; but here again we find our ſelves miſtaken, for *he that increaſes Knowledge, increaſes Sorrow*; for Experience will ſoon teach us, the higheſt degree of Learning, is *the knowledge of our own Ignorance*, and that we may very well ſpare all but what is abſolutely Neceſſary and Uſeful for *the Support of our Bodies in this Life, and the Happineſs of our Souls in the next*; for all *Curioſity* and Search after any other Knowledge, is an *endleſs and vexatious Labour*, and perhaps when we are arrived to the higheſt Degree we can poſſibly attain, *the little certainty of Truth we find in all human Knowledge*, may convince us of our Time, and Labour loſt.

And ſo the *Diſappointments* we meet in all human Deſigns, may at laſt bring us to conſider *how we may ſecure an Intereſt in the next World*, ſince we can depend on nothing in this, but to take every one *our ſhare of Miſery and Trouble*, ſo that *the whole Life of Man is a fruitleſs Search after Earthly Happineſs*, (or I may call it, a Vain-ſeeking *Contentment* in Worldly *Honour*, *Riches*, *Pleaſure*, *Learning*, *Knowledge*, &c.) and this I affirm to be True by my *own Experience* of Fruition, in all my Purſuits after *Satisfaction* in earthly Enjoyments, from *my Childhood to the Sixty Third Year of my Age*; and yet Reader, (I own to my Shame) I never *Seriouſly Conſidered* this MISERY and VANITY of human Life 'till I was ſeized with *a Fit of Sickneſs that was judg'd Mortal*; But if after all our Pains in ſearching after *Earthly Happineſs*, (or, *True Satisfaction in this World)* no Man (no not even *Solomon* himſelf) could ever find it; Then

Oh!

Oh! CONTENTMENT CONTENTMENT.

I.

SPARK *of pure Caleſtial Fire,*
PORT *of all the World's Deſire;*
PARADISE *of Earthly Bliſs,*
HEAVEN *of the other World, and this;*
Tell me where thy Court abides,
Where thy GLORIOUS CHARIOT *rides.*

II.

EDEN *knew thee for a Day,*
But thou would'ſt no longer Stay;
Outed for poor ADAM's *Sin,*
In a Flaming Cherubim.
Yet thou lov'ſt that Happy SHADE,
Where thy Beauteous Form was made;
And thy Kindneſs yet remains,
To the WOODS *and* FLOW'RY PLAINS.

III.

Happy DAVID *found thee there,*
Sporting in the open Air,
As he led his FLOCKS *along,*
Feeding on his Rural Song;
But when COURTS *and* HONOURS *had*
Snatch'd away the LOVELY LAD,
Thou that there no Room couldſt find
Let him go, and STAID BEHIND.

IV.

His WISE SON *with Care and Pain,*
Search'd all NATURE's FRAME *in vain;*
For a while CONTENT *to be,*
Search'd it round but found not thee;
BEAUTY *own'd ſhe knew thee not,*
PLENTY *had thy Name forgot;*
MUSICK *only did aver,*
Once you came and Danced with her.

V.

All the World ſtill HUNT *about,*
Happy he that finds thee out;
Some have Dreamt thou ſtill doſt ſit
Circled round with MIRTH *and* WIT,
In a CLOYSTER *or a* PEW
Others always ſeek for you:
But their Search, alike is vain,
Theſe MOROSE, *and thoſe* PROPHANE.

VI.

Mothers with indulgent Care,
Hug their CHILD, *and find thee there;*
Kiſs it while aſleep it lies,
And upon it Feaſt their Eyes;
When the little BANTLING *came*
Juſt to liſp its Mother's Name,
All her airy Hopes are fled,
There it dies and leaves her Dead.

Oh! Then CONTENTMENT.

VII.

Since thy THRONE *thou doſt not Place*
In a PALACE *or a* FACE,
Since thou Coily paſſeſt by
PLEASURES, RICHES, HARMONY;
Since we cannot find thee out,
With the WITTY *or* DEVOUT;
Since I here of thee Deſpair,
I'll walk to HEAVEN and find thee there.

Reader—'Tis therefore my hearty Wiſh, that my *Fruitleſs Search after Earthly Happineſs*, from my Birth even to this Minute (*i. e.* for near Sixty three Years) may ſo fully convince thee of *The Miſeries and Vanities of human Life*, as may (by thy avoiding thoſe *Falſe appearances of Happineſs*, that I have been deluded by,) ſet thee in the *right and neareſt Way to Heaven*, where TRUE CONTENTMENT *only Dwells.*

Our next Inquiry therefore is, what are the Conditions required of us to ſecure our *Intereſt in the next World.*

And here we find ſo many *Diſputes*, *Fears*, and *Difficulties*, we are often at a Loſs to determine poſitively where our Duty lies; we are ſo blinded with our depraved Reaſon and corrupt Affections, that the Devil's Subtilty has a great Advantage over us in making Religion, which is the general Concern ſubſervant to his own Ends; whilſt *Pride*, *Self-Intereſt*, and *Ambition*, occaſions ſo many Factions and Animoſities in the Church, the poor innocent Flock are too often miſled by their Conducters.

And when they pretend to Conduct themſelves, they are at as great a Loſs; ſo, *many and various are the Opinions of Religion*, and ſo much is and may be ſaid for all Opinions, enough *to confound the cleareſt Reaſon*, that 'tis impoſſible by our own Strength to be Proof againſt the Illuſion; for our *Self-Love* carries us to what is moſt Plauſible, and when once we have choſen, Perſwades us our Religion only is true, tho' all others believe as much of theirs; and yet if there is but one true Religion, how Miſerable muſt this Uncertainty make us? 'Tis *ſad to be deceived in a Buſineſs of ſuch Conſequence*, we muſt then for our own Eaſe and Quiet believe and hope the beſt, and live *Good Moral Lives*, which is what *all Religious* Profeſſions center in.

But

But then we are at a Loſs again, when we reflect upon our Lives, and find 'em *ſo far ſhort of our good Moral Principles*; we have denied our ſelves the free Enjoyment of this World *to ſecure an Intereſt in the next*, which yet we cannot promiſe our ſelves, from *the Goodneſs of our Rules*, from which we ſo often deviate, *and at beſt ſo ill Obſerve*, that we can take but little Comfort from 'em in reſpect to our Performances; or if we could, the Uncertainty of our Perſeverance muſt needs diſcourage us, when Experience ſhews us *how often we fall from our Duties by Weakneſs and Impotence*, ſo great is the Power of Temptation.

Thus we ſee *the true State of human Life* by which we are intailed to Miſery, ſo Weak and Frail *we cannot ſupport our ſelves, or any Thing in the World ſupport us*; *Time* carries us away and *Death* overtakes us, and now *Self-Love* that has accompanied us all along, will perſwade us in our *laſt Hour* to conſider from what we may entertain ſome comfortable Hopes of our *Future Happineſs*, and if nothing elſe appears from our former Works of *Charity*, if we have any thing in our Power, it perſwades us to add ſome to 'em at our *Death* to make our Intereſt the ſurer, but all this amounts to ſo *little Certainty* to be rely'd on, we can't but acknowledge *our Miſery both in Life and Death.*

But yet there is a *Life of Faith* that is Victtorious and overcomes the World, not by exempting us from *the Miſeries of this Life*, but by ſupporting us under 'em, making 'em ſubſervant to great Ends, even the *Glory of God* and our *Eternal Happineſs.*

The great End of our Creation is the *Glory of God*, which can't be Fruſtrate; our *Happineſs* or *Miſery* do equally ſet forth his *Glory* in one, his *Mercy* and *Goodneſs*, his *Truth* and *Juſtice* in the other; and bleſſed are they whoſe *Happineſs* and his *Glory* are ſo united, that neither the Powers of *Darkneſs*, the *World*, or our own deceitful *Hearts*, ſhall ſo far prevail as to make a Separation.

To be united to God in *Faith* and *Love* is ſuch a Priviledge, as puts us out of the Reach of all *human Miſeries*, and makes us happy in the midſt of all the Troubles and Afflictions we can poſſibly meet with; our very Sins, when throughly conſider'd and repented of, turn to our *Benefit* and *Advantage*, which if they did not, we might be ſure his preventing and reſtraining Grace would hinder their *Commiſſion*. He is ſo kind a *Father*, watching over us to do us Good, that knowing our Frame and Temper, and the neceſſity of thoſe Diſpenſations we are under whatever they be, we may certainly conclude we could not be Happy without 'em.

To exerciſe our Patience by Afflictions, to humble us with the Senſe of our Sins and Infirmities, to inflame our Love to him by the Sacrifice of our Wills and Affections to his wiſe Diſpoſal and Providence, are ſuch Bleſſings he beſtows in Love, which we ſhall *Praiſe him for to all Eternity*; and therefore it can be no part of our Miſery here on Earth to be under ſuch Trials and Afflictions as *ſtrengthen and improve our Virtues*, the proper buſineſs for which we are ſent into this World, and when once accompliſhed, we are ſoon releaſed from our Miſeries and rewarded with Glory, with which he crowns thoſe Works his Grace alone works in us, for to him reſults the Glory of all the Good we do.

Our Miſery then properly proceeds from the Contradiction that is between the Fleſh and the Spirit; the Soul is of a noble Extraction and aſpires to Heaven from whence ſhe came; the Body has a natural Simpathy with the Earth of which it was form'd, and is moſt ſenſible of material Objects in which it places all its Delights; the Soul ſtrives to convince it of its being made for *Pleaſures of a higher Nature* than any this World affords, and that it cannot ſet too ſlight a Value upon the *tranſitory Things* that Periſh in the Uſing; that the *Pleaſures of the Mind* are more permanant and ſerve to better Purpoſes, they lead us to the Contemplation of our *Future Happineſs*, we anticipate by Love and by Deſire the Joys to come, and the bleſſed Immortality the Soul and Body ſhall enjoy together in Heaven, whilſt the Hope of it ſweetens the bitterest Sorrows, and ſtrengthens and ſupports us in all Temptations either of *Adverſity* or *Proſperity*; thus far the Soul advances, and were it not for this Corrupt, Frail, Earthly Body, might eaſily Surmount all the Difficulties of this Life.

But alas! our Souls are ſo depreſſed by the Sin they contract in their Union with our Body's, tho' of themſelves never ſo aſpiring to Heaven and Heavenly Things, are yet confined by the Neceſſities of this preſent Life to the Deſire and Enjoyment of groſs and material Objects, ſuch as frail mortal Bodies require; they cannot Act according to the Greatneſs and Excellence of their Natures, but in ſo feeble a Manner that in this Life the Body gets the Advantage, and ſeems in all Appearance the better part of Man, and by that Miſtake too often prevails to the Ruin and Deſtruction of the Soul; in effect it is Sin, and the Train that Sin draws after it that compoſes all the Miſeries of this Life by a *continual oppoſition of Fleſh and Spirit.*

If in the Conteſt the Soul gets the better, it is only owing to the Grace and Favour of God, who in his own Way by the *wiſe Methods of his Providence* inſtructs and corrects us; mortifying and deſtroying the *Body of Sin* whereby the Fleſh is ſubdued to the Spirit, not Totally but in ſuch a Meaſure, as ſerves beſt to the *Honour and Glory of God*, and our Future and Eternal Happineſs; thus the Soul recovers a ſort of Liberty, whereby ſhe acts as *Sovereign* over the Body, and in a higher Sphere than before, when ſubjected to Carnal and Wordly Deſires.

The Body alſo is Partaker in this *happy Victory*, and now no more *inſlaved to this vain World*, that pays our Love and Services with Rack and Torture, but can diſtinguiſh the uſing and enjoying theſe Temporal Bleſſings from the Dotiſh Purſuance even to Idolatry; the deceitful Pleaſures of this tranſitory Life (whereby we ſuffer *a kind of Martyrdom* in all the painful Fatigues both of Soul and Body) they go to the perfecting any one Deſign of Ambition, Curioſity, Pleaſure or Vanity.

And now what is the Happineſs that a Soul (that lives by Faith, and a Body ſubjected to that Soul) may expect in this Life; ſurely this World is not a Place of Reſt, *Our Life is a Warfare* we muſt be always upon our Guard againſt Innumerable ſworne Enemies, beſides *Traitors in our own Breaſt*, nay even God's heavenly Bounty in theſe earthly Bleſſings are by Man's Rebellion become Snares and Temptations enough to exerciſe the moſt Chriſtian Fortitude, and imploy a very diligent

gent Care, and all too little against such *Powerful Enemies*; had we not the Power of God to help us, which will never leave us nor forsake us, but accomplish his Decree; *Nature does nothing in vain*, much less Grace we shall have one Day, the *Joy of Conquerors*; (and in Heaven every Temptation we overcome in this World, will be as a shining Jewel in our Crown of Victory,) but till then we must endure Hardness, as a *good Soldier of* Jesus Christ, supporting our selves with his Pay. All those blessed Fruits of the Spirit, *Love*, *Joy*, *Peace*, *Long-Suffering*, *Gentleness*, *Goodness*, *Faith*, *Meekness*, *Temperance*, these will carry us through all Assaults, that we shall never lose our Ground, but with Courage and Constancy endure to the end.

But yet we must expect *Many a sad and tedious March through this uneasy World* compos'd of so many Snares and Incentives to *Evils* of all Kinds; *Evil* Men, their *Evil* Examples, *Evil* Councils, and all their *Evil* Consequences, to which our Frailties and Corruptions so much contribute; our Misery would be inevitable were we not supported by the Grace of God that nothing can Surmount; our own *Weaknesses* and *Infirmities*, besides the Business of providing daily those Necessaries our Frail Bodies require, is enough to weary us and wean us from the Love of this *Earthly Tabernacle*, where not only our own, but the Failings and Infirmities of others, vexes and disquiets us, and takes up our Minds in *the midst of our most Heavenly Thoughts and Contemplations*; therefore 'tis in vain to expect what we shall never find, *Ease and Quiet in a sinful World*; let us content our selves with those *Pledges and Foretastes of Heaven*, God is graciously pleased to Grant us, and patiently wait *till our Change comes.*

And at that Hour we shall best perceive *the Happiness a Life of Faith procures us*; we have had a long acquaintance with God, and great experience of his *Goodness*, *Mercy* and *Providence*, which has carried us *through all the Dangers and Difficulties of this Life*, he has taught us from our *first Years* untill now; we have had *Great Experience* of our selves, and know what we are in our own Natures, as apt to yield to Temptations, and Commit *Great Crimes* as others; we find nothing that distinguishes us from *the worst of Sinners*, those Sins our Constitutions incline us to; how easily do we fall into 'em without perceiving it, besides those Sins that by Custom and ill Example have brought us to such a Habit in offending Heaven, that we often Sin without Remorse, to which if we add the *Force of Temptation* that so often Prevails, what can we see in our selves, but the sad Effects of depraved Nature.

But from hence we see how much *we are Bound to God*, First to ordain *the Means of Salvation*, then make us the Object of it. 'Tis to his *Free Grace* alone we must ascribe *our Hatred of Sin, our Love to God, our Faith in Christ and all the blessed Effects of it, that we are Justified, and Accepted in the sight of God, that we are at Peace with our selves, and in Charity with all the World, that we can depend upon God, and go to him by Prayer, as to a Loving Father, that will deny us nothing that is good for us, that we are not carried away with the Torrent of Wickedness the World abounds with, but from a lively Hope of Heaven, can have a just contempt of all the Glories this World can give us, and that we can with Comfort look upon Death as disarmed of all his Terror, and as a Faithful*

Messenger

Meſſenger ſent to releaſe us from Sin and Miſery.—This is the Victory *Chriſt* has obtain'd for us, 'tis the Purchaſe of his *Sufferings*; this is the *Faith* that overcomes the World, and makes us *Victorious* even in Death.

And now having *Laboured in vain* (that is, made *a fruitleſs Search after Earthly Happineſs*) in contemplating—*The Miſeries and Vanities of human Life*, and our *Releaſement* from em by DEATH (ſo much the more neceſſary to ME, by how much it is nearer approaching by the arrival of my *Grand Climacterick Year*) I will conclude this my *Firſt Experimental Eſſay* with a VALEDICTION TO THE WORLD, and all its vain Delights; Written by *A very great Man and Prime Miniſter of State* in the Reign of CHARLES the Firſt, and is this following, *viz.*

Go, empty Joys with all your Noiſe,
And leave me here alone,
In ſad ſweet Silence to bemoan
Your vain and fond Delight,
Whoſe Dangers none can ſee aright,
Whilſt too much Sun-ſhine blinds his Sight.
Go, and enſnare with your falſe Ware;
Some other eaſie Weight,
And cheat him with your flattering Light.
Rain on his Head a Shower of Honour, Greatneſs, Wealth and Power,
Then ſnatch it from him in an Hour:
Fill his big Mind with the vain Wind of flattering Applauſe,
Let him not fear all curbing Laws,
Nor King, nor People's Frown;
But Dream of ſomething like a Crown,
And climbing tow'rds it tumble down.

ESSAY

ESSAY II.

Every Man his own Parſon; or, Dunton *Preaching to himſelf upon the ſeveral Diſeaſes of his Soul, but more eſpecially upon his* Athenian Itch *(or too great Curioſity in prying into Divine Myſteries) a* Paradox, *attempting to Prove, that the ſincere Practice of known Duties (or Dying daily to this Life and World) would of it ſelf reſolve the moſt ignorant Perſon in all the Abſtruſe Points of the Chriſtian Religion.*

PRIRST----to my ſelf, accountable to none,
But to my Conſcience, and my God alone.--*Randolph.*

Him that is weak in the Faith receive, but not to doubtful Diſputations. Rom. 14. 1.

Reader, Having in my *Firſt Eſſay* treated----*Upon the Miſeries and Vanities of human Life, from my own Experience of both*----That thoſe *Serious Thoughts* that I had in my late Sickneſs may the better furniſh out ----*A new Directory for Holy Living and Dying*---- The Subject of my *Second Eſſay* ſhall be:

Every Man his own Parſon; or, Dunton *Preaching to himſelf upon the ſeveral Diſeaſes of his Soul but more eſpecially upon his* Athenian Itch, *or too great Curioſity in prying into Divine Myſteries,* &c.

Reader,

CONſidering the *great Damage* that comes upon moſt People by not knowing their Duty to *the Hazard of eternal Death,* I ſhall endeavour to ſhew (in this *Second Eſſay*) Firſt—How every Man is or might be his own Parſon, that ſo the Hazard of his Soul, and Future Happineſs may not be put to a Death-Bed-Repentance, *He is his own Parſon,* that mortifies the Fleſh with Study, Faſting and Prayer, and does every thing becoming a Man who has

has a thing of greater Value than the whole World to look after, and therefore by *Every Man his own Parſon*, I mean every Man's *whole Life* (as well as Words) ſhou'd be *a Sort of living Sermon*, ſhould PREACH even to himſelf, as well as to others.

He Preaches (tho' not Ordain'd *as others are)*
Whoſe Pious Life does ſhew the Parſon there,
Who lives his Time, as if all Sundays *were.*
He's the true Prieſt *whoſe Life's a* Preaching Text,
And that a Pulpit *where he ſpeaketh next,*
The Place may Change but 'tis a Pulpit *ſtill,*
Our Practice muſt Preach, *or all that's ſaid is ill;*
He's the True Parſon, *and no* Pulpit Fool
Who Lives, and Speaks, and even Thinks by Rule;
'Tis Preaching *where the alarmed Soul betakes*
It ſelf to a New Life, *old Sins forſakes,*
For he no Sermon, *who no* Convert *makes.*

As new and ſingular as this PARADOX ſeems, yet 'tis very certain that every Man that is truly Pious, might be his own PARSON, for we find by daily Experience that *the beſt Way of Preaching and Hearing* is that which cures *all the Evils of Life*, (as far as in this World they are Curable) and that is *the Ways of Holineſs*, which are therefore *the beſt and only Way of Truth*; in PULPIT QUARRELS (I mean in the Railing againſt *this and the other Opinion*) there is no End, and but very little Advantage, and therefore that I may Repeat an Expreſſion in the Prayer of Mr. *L——ke M——n)* "*The Lord Grant that we may* "*not loſe our Religion in Diſputes, and our* Charity *in abſurd Opinions*" But the Way of Peace and Godlineſs, (I mean a Man's *Preaching to himſelf the neceſſity of a holy Life)* hath in it no *Error*, and no *Doubtfulneſs*, for the Conſcience of every Man (if good and rightfully Inform'd) will ſtill Side with the *Doctrine he Preaches to it*, and the *Wiſe Man* ſeems to allow that every Man may be his own PARSON; where he ſays, "*Stand thou faſt in thy ſure Underſtanding, in the way and knowledge of* "*the Lord, and have but one Manner of Word, and follow the Word of Peace* "*and Righteouſneſs*" (*a*) which Words as they Direct, *every Man* (both of the Clergy and Layety) in what pious Manner he ſhould be his own PARSON, ſo they ſufficiently ſhew the *Lawfulneſs* (and *Neceſſity* in ſome Caſes) of his Preaching to himſelf; and I am glad to find ſo learned a Man as Mr. *L——ke M——n* occaſionally of this Opinion, for in his Sermon preached in *Sh——d——ch C——h July* the 7*th*; he there told his Hearers in what Caſe "*A Layman might Bap-* "*tize himſelf, Adminiſter the Sacrament to himſelf, and be his own Prieſt,* "*ay, and Preach ſo as to convert Souls, if by the Providence of God he were* "*caſt in an Heatheniſh Country.*"

Chriſt commanded his own Diſciples not to be call'd *Rabbi*, nor *Maſters*, by which laſt Words our learned Commentator the Reverend Dr. *Whitby* underſtands that we ſhould call no Man *Guide*, or *Maſter*

(*a*) *Eccluſ.* 5. 10. *Vulg. edit. Lat.*

upon

upon Earth; no *Fathers*, no *Church*, nor *Council* who conſiders this, can think it poſſible for Chriſt to give ſo *Partial* a Command, as to contain a Reſerve in behalf of any *Set of Prieſts* in Prejudice of the General Rule of *Free-thinking*, on which the Goſpel was to be Built, which makes it evident, that *every thinking Man is or might be his own Parſon*; and I find the Reverend Mr. *Parſons* of the ſame Opinion; for in the Sermon he preach'd at the Funeral of the Earl of *Rocheſter*, he there ſays "If all that hear me this Day, had been Spectators of the Lord "*Rocheſter*'s Penitential Sorrows, there would then have been *no need of* "*a Sermon* to convince Men, but every Man would have been as much "*a Preacher to himſelf* of this Truth as I am, except theſe Sorrows.

Reader, Having fairly proved from the Words of two Learned Clergymen, that (in ſome Caſes) *every Man is, or might be, his own Parſon*, I don't wonder that Dr. *Heylin* gives this Character of Mr. *John Hales* of EATON "*That his Chamber was a Church, and his Chair a Pulpit, and* "*that he was as communicative of his Knowledge, as the Celeſtial Bodies* "*of their Light.*"

Reader—If I han't yet ſaid enough to convince thee, that—*Every Man is, or might be, his own Parſon*—I ſhall further prove it, by affirming, our Duties flow from *Nature*, and do not proceed only from *Education*, as ſome have imagined, to juſtifie which, one need but ſuppoſe two *Principles*; the firſt is, *that we naturally Love our ſelves*, being ſenſible of Pleaſure, and hating Evil, deſiring Good, and *having a Care of our Preſervation*; the ſecond, that with this bent to *Self-Love*; Nature has given us a Reaſon to guide us, (*that is, to Preach to our own Breaſts*) we love our ſelves Naturally, it is *a Truth of Senſe*; we are capable of Reaſon, *it is a Truth of Fact*; Nature prompts us to make uſe of Reaſon for to direct *this Love of our ſelves*, that ſprings from the Principle of the latter, in a manner altogether Neceſſary; it not being poſſible that we ſhould truly love our ſelves, without employing all our Lights in the Search of what's agreeable to us.

Then ſince Nature orders us to ſearch after our Good, it follows, that it cannot be ſaid without an evident Contradiction, that a Man is naturally without Duty and Law; which fully proves that *every Man is, or might be, his own Parſon.*

And here comes into my Mind a Truth, which peradventure may ſeem Paradoxical; yet is in it ſelf, moſt evident: That a Boy, who can neither write nor read, may be a greater *Divine* (by *preaching to himſelf*) than one who has ſtudy'd Scripture *Forty Years*, which who deſires to ſee clearly, let him remember, *Divinity* has for its End the Knowledge of thoſe Truths which are *to guide us to our Salvation*: a Knowledge ſo neceſſary, that no Ignorance can hinder our periſhing eternally; and conſequently, *ought to be certain as any Demonſtration.* Again, that *Forty Years* Study may be employ'd without arriving, by the Force of ſuch Study, to Demonſtration ſufficient to aſſure a Man of *all Points* neceſſary: as, *the hundred Years debate betwixt* Catholicks *and* Proteſtants, without being one Foot farther advanced than at the firſt Day, doth amply manifeſt. The Concluſion therefore, is evident on this ſide, that the *Forty Years* Study does not neceſſarily make a *Divine.*

Let us conſider, on the other ſide, a Child of *a dozen Years old*, never put to School farther then in the Church, to be taught in a Catechiſtical way, *the Sum of Chriſtian Doctrine*; and to know 'tis to be held becauſe 'tis deſcended from Chriſt, by the perpetual handing it from Age to Age in the whole *Catholick Church*. Let's ſee whether this Child be a *Divine* or no? If the Queſtion be of the Matter, *he knows what is ſufficient for him to bring him to Heaven*, (viz. enough to breed in him the *love of God*, and an Obedience to *the Church*, ordain'd by God for this End, to direct us in doing our Duties for the *Attainment of eternal Salvation*) Again, he has a Ground for his Belief more certain than any Demonſtration in *Euclide* or *Archimedes*. Why then has not this Boy all that's neceſſary to the being a *Divine*, and more than the Long-ſtudy'd pretender to *Divinity* can ſhew for himſelf? Yet is there this difference between them, that as he who acknowledges *the Definitions* and other Truths pre-requiſite, is nearer being a *Geometrician* than he who doubts of them; ſo the Boy, who believes all thoſe *Articles of Chriſtian Faith*, which he already knows, and has the Rule whereby to be certain of any other when they are propos'd to him, approaches nearer the Quality of a *Divine*, than he who calls himſelf one; becauſe *Forty Years* together, he has doubted and diſputed of the Principles of *Divinity*, which muſt be agreed to, before *Divinity* it ſelf can be ſo much as commenced, for without they are, no Man (let his natural Parts, his acquired Accompliſhments, his *Degree in holy Orders*, and his Preferments in the Church be what they will) can be a true *Divine*; but is in Truth ſo much the *greater Impoſtor*, appearing in Habit and external Form what he really is not; *a carnal, ſenſual, or animal Man at the beſt*, not having the good Spirit, but in many Things obnoxious to the *Impreſſions and Deceits of the ſubtile Evil one*; and therefore moſt dangerous to *Princes* and *Perſons* concerned in the great Affairs of the World to be relied on. But this I intend only for *a general Caution*, not to reflect upon any particular Perſon.

Reader—I would by no means be Guilty here of *the Fault reproved in the Prophets*; namely, of contending with the *Prieſts*, or taking upon me to inſtruct my *Teachers*, (whom I, as much as any Man, deſire to *Reverence*) far from my Intentions be a Deſign of impoſing *Laws upon my Superiors*, or of binding Burthens upon other Men's Shoulders, which I would not touch with my leaſt Finger; but tho' I would preſume to Direct our *Spiritual Guides* in their great Work of converting Sinners from the *Error of their Ways*; yet ſhou'd you here ask me *what a Parſon is, or ſhould be?* I would return you this Anſwer.

A Parſon is the Rector of a Church; becauſe he, for his own Time, repreſents the Church; and his Office is, to take Care of all his Pariſhioner's Souls (as well as his own) and like a good Shepherd to mind every particular Sheep apart.

This I take to be the true Character of *a real Parſon of a Pariſh*, and he that is his own *Parſon*, has as great *a Charge* committed to his daily Care, for as St. *Matthew* ſays, *What is a Man profited, if he ſhall gain the whole World, and loſe his own Soul? Or what ſhall a Man give in Exchange for his Soul?* (*a*)

(*a*) *St.* Matthew 10. 26.

How

How—*Every Man his own Parſon*—Quo' the Rector of *E* ——— ? *what then (wicked Man) wou'd you have no more Sermons preached in Churches, or Meeting-houſes, but only have every Man to ſleep or doze out the Sabbath day, or ſpend it in vain Diſcourſe?* No, Reverend Sir, I abhor the Thoughts of thus *Prophaning the Lord's Day*, and think to hear *two Sermons* every *Sunday*, either in *a Church or a Meeting-houſe* (as a ſcrupulous Conſcience ſhall moſt approve) is *every Man's indiſpenſible Duty*; (and whoever looks into *the Hiſtory of preaching*, will find the *ſincere Chriſtian of all Perſwaſions*, of the ſame Opinion) for tho' we have *a Parſon within us* (wou'd we liſten to our *own Conſciences)* yet many have been converted by hearing *the Parſon of their own Pariſh*; and therefore I adviſe every Man that has a Soul to be ſaved, never to neglect hearing of *two Sermons every* Sunday *in publick*, for I don't exhort *every Man to be his own Parſon*, to keep People from Church, but to convince 'em; 'tis their Duty to go thither *every Lord's Day*, except *Sickneſs* or *Lameneſs* force 'em to ſtay at Home, to hear (ONLY) *the Preacher in their own Breaſt*. For he that neglects going to Church every *Sunday* (for any other Reaſon, but an Impoſſibility of ſerving God in Publick, is *Guilty of profaning the Lord's Day*, and may juſtly expect the following Week thoſe *Judgments* that do often fall on *Sabbath breakers*. I know an *antient Gentleman*, of whom 'tis reported he has not ſeen the In-ſide of either a *Church or a Meeting-houſe* (or heard one *Sermon* in any other Place) for the laſt *twenty Years*; what Bleſſing can ſuch a *prophane Wretch* expect either upon his own Perſon or Family? For tho' he has a Preacher in his own Breaſt, he won't either hear him Speak, or ſo much as *once ſhew his Perſon at Church*, tho' he can't but know incredible is the Influence of a *great Man* on a Family, Pariſh, and County by his *conſtantly hearing of two Sermons every Lord's Day*; for the Vulgar have quite loſt their *Hearing*; Preaching is but an honeſter ſort of *Diverſion*: They learn all by *Gaping and Staring on a Man in fine Cloaths*; and therefore ſince Men of Quality can ſo eaſily do God and Man ſo great Service, I hope (for the Future) they'll think it their Duty to worſhip God Publickly, (either in a *Church* or a *Meeting-houſe*) every *Sunday*, and (Gentlemen) do not put God off with a little Faſhionable Civility to the *National Religion*; I am afraid the ſerious *Reflecting* and *Meditating* Part is not frequent enough among the *Gentry*; let not Paſtime, Buſineſs or Company waſte all the *Sabboth day*, retire a little and *enjoy your own Souls*; this will not leſſen the Pleaſures of Life, but ſweeten and make them ſolid; and make them differ from the crackling of Thorns, and the Flame of Straw, I mean the *thin ſhort-liv'd Delights* of the Profaners of the *Lord's day*. For my own Part, I have often found Judge HALES's Obſervation (concerning *his keeping the Lord's-day*) to be matter of Fact, that "*It has always thrived with me the following* "*Week according as I kept the Sabboth*;" If Experience may be allowed to be the beſt Demonſtration, I can affirm (to the beſt of my Remembrance) I never undertook, or intermedled with any *Secular Affairs* on this Day, (which I might either have done before, or deferred till the next) but I was either blaſted or diſappointed therein; or if I ſucceeded, it was moſt certainly (though long after) attended with a Curſe, which (upon due Reflection upon what had paſt) I found to be

the ſad Effect of ſuch a Prophane, or miſpending of the *Lord's Day*; then certainly 'tis as much our Duty to hear a Preacher every SUNDAY in Publick, as 'tis to liſten to the Parſon in our own Breaſt; for as God requires us to *Remember the Sabbath-day, ſo as to keep it Holy*, ſo himſelf remembers them that dare Prophane it. The Child that gathered Sticks on that Day, among the *Iſraelites*, in the early Times of the *Moſaick OEconomy*, was, by the Order of God himſelf, ſtoned to Death. And as he began to ſhew his Severity betimes, in the puniſhing of this Sin, ſo he hath continued to the preſent Age, to ſhew his great Diſpleaſure againſt it; inſomuch, that I think King *James* was much in the Right, when he cauſed his *Declaration for Sports upon that Day*, to be torn out of his Printed Volume of *Writings*, where it is not now to be ſeen; but *the Examples of God's Judgments on Sabboth breakers* (or ſuch as never go to hear a Sermon either in a *Church or a Meeting-houſe*) may ſufficiently Seal unto them, whoſe Hearts are not Seared; how wrathfully Almighty God is diſpleaſed with them who are *wilful Prophaners of the Lord's day*? For ſuch, ſeldom hear either the *Parſon* in their own Breaſt, or the *Parſon* that preaches at Church, and for that Reaſon do ſeldom eſcape God's Judgments even in this Life; for we are told by the Reverend Mr. *Turner* (*a*) that

A certain Nobleman, *prophaning the* Sabbath *uſually in Hunting, had a Child by his Wife, with a Head like a Dog, and with Ears, and Chaps, crying like a Hound.*

Stratford upon *Avon* was twice, on the ſame Day Twelvemonth, (being *Sunday*) almoſt conſumed with Fire, chiefly for prophaning the *Lord's-day*, and contemning his Word in the Mouth of his faithful Miniſter.

A Husbandman *grinding Corn upon the* Sabbath-Day, *had his Mill burned to Aſhes.*

Mr. *Smythies*, Curate of St. *Giles's*, *Cripplegate*, in the Confeſſion and Diſcovery of a *condemn'd Priſoner*, Executed *May* the 25*th* 1687, (for Theft) ſaith, that it was his earneſt Deſire, that all young Men eſpecially, ſhould take Care not to miſpend the *Lord's-day*. *And I do not know*, ſaith he, *that ever I obſerved any Repentance in a condemned Malefactor, who did not bitterly Lament the Neglect of his Duty to God on that Day.* 'Tis certain (tho' *Every Man is, or ought to be, his own Parſon*, as I have largely proved) that we ought all to expreſs our *Reverence to God* by the hallowing of the Times he has ſet apart for his Service, in which our Conſciences ought as faithfully to Preach to us, as *the Reverend Perſon* that inſtructs us, publickly on the *Lord's-day*; for he who hath given all our Time, requires ſome Part of it to be paid back again, as a Rent or Tribute of the whole. Thus the *Jews* kept Holy the Seventh Day, and we *Chriſtians* the *Sunday* or *Lord's-day*; the *Jews* were in their *Sabboth*, eſpecially to remember the Creation of the World, and we in ours, the Reſurrection of Chriſt; by which, a Way is made for us into that *Better World* we expect hereafter. Now this Day, thus ſet apart, is to be employed in *the Worſhip and Service of God*, and that firſt more ſolemnly

(*a*) In his *Compleat Hiſtory of the moſt Remarkable Providences both of Judgment and Mercy.*

and

and publickly in the Congregation, (in Prayer and hearing of the Word preached by *the Parſon of the Pariſh* where we live) from which no Man muſt then abſent himſelf without a juſt Cauſe; and *Secondly*, privately at Home in *Preaching to our ſelves*, or in Praying with, and inſtructing our Families, or elſe in the yet more private Duties of the Cloſet; and therefore as I ought to hear the *Parſon of the Pariſh where I dwell* (as well the *Parſon that preaches in my own Breaſt*) the Lord grant that my Care in fitting my Soul for the *Lord's-day*, my Holy Carriage at it, and my ſuitable Converſation after it, may teſtify, that *I had rather be a Door-keeper in the Houſe of my God, than to dwell in the Tents of Wickedneſs; and that I eſteem one Day in his Courts, better than a Thouſand elſewhere.* But, tho' we ought (as I ſaid before) to hear two Sermons every *Lord's-Day* either in a *Church* or a *Meeting-houſe*, yet 'tis evident (from what I ſhall further ſay of the *Eſſentials of the Chriſtian Religion*) that *Every Man is or might be his own Parſon*, for as wicked as the Age is, we have ſtill ſome *truly Religious Perſons* amongſt us (ſome *Fleetwood's*, *Hoadley's*, *Biſſet's*, *Anſly's*, *Harris's*, *Reynolds's*, &c) and that Man is — *His own Parſon*—that lives *a Holy Life* (for even that it ſelf is *a Sermon*; and therefore every Religious Perſon Erects *a Pulpit* in his own Conſcience, that he might *Preach to himſelf* upon all occaſions; and he that is his *own Parſon* (having *ſtudy'd* and *maſter'd* all his Luſts and Affections within, and the whole Army of *Temptations* without) hath ever *ſo many Sermons* ready penn'd, as he hath *Victories*; and therefore I have endeavour'd in this *Second Eſſay* to be the firſt Man that has aſcended (if I may ſo expreſs it) *The Pulpit of his own Breaſt*; I mean that has *preach'd to himſelf* on purpoſe to furniſh out *a new Directory for holy Living and Dying.*

Having (the better to direct my Reader in his Duty of *Holy Living and Dying*) proved how *Every Man is or might be his own Parſon*, and told in what manner (and how often) he ſhou'd *Preach to himſelf*; and having alſo given the Character of him that is *a real Parſon* (*or the Rector of a Church*) and ſhewn it every Man's Duty to be a conſtant Hearer (*every Lord's Day*) either in *a Church*, or *a Meeting-houſe*, I ſhall next *Preach to my ſelf upon the ſeveral Diſeaſes of my Soul*, but more eſpecially thoſe that did moſt afflict me in my *late Fit of Sickneſs* that was judged Mortal.

And here (being fully convicted of the Reality of that *Future State of Happineſs or Miſery*, that my *Soul* when it leaves my *Body*, will immediately commence) that I may be *Eternally happy after Death.* 'Tis my *Advice* to my ſelf that *I live every Day* (whilſt I continue in this World) as believing:

The Eſſentials of Religion are ſo plainly Revealed, that no Man can miſs them, that hath not a mighty corrupt Biaſs in his Will and Affections to infatuate and blind his Underſtanding. Thoſe Eſſentials are contained in the DECALOGUE, and the CREED: Many ſpeculative remoter Doctrines may be True, but not Fundamental. For 'tis not agreeable to the Goodneſs or Juſtice of God, that Men's *Eternal Intereſts* ſhould depend upon Things that are *difficult* to be Underſtood, and *eaſily* Miſtaken; if they did, *no Man could be ſecure*, but that, do what he could (or hear what *Parſon* he pleaſed) he ſhould Periſh everlaſtingly for not Believing;

or

or *Believing amiſs* ſome of thoſe difficult Points, that are ſuppoſed neceſſary to *Salvation*; and all thoſe that are *Ignorant*, and of weak *Underſtanding* muſt Periſh without Help, or they muſt be ſaved by *Implicit Faith in unknown Fundamentals*. And as I am very *ſincere and conſtant in Preaching this Doctrine to my ſelf*, I hope my living in the *Practice* of it to my laſt *Breath*, will bring me to *Eternal Happineſs* that Minute I leave the World: for 'tis eaſy to prove *a Man may hold an erroneous Opinion from a miſtaken Senſe of Scripture, and deny what is the Truth of the Propoſition, and what is the right Meaning of the Text, and yet not Err in Faith*. For Faith is the Belief of God revealing: And if God have not *ſo Revealed this*, or that, as to give us certain Ground to believe this to be *his Senſe*, he hath not ſufficiently Revealed it to oblige *our Faith* (and as this is *Orthodox Doctrine* and ſuch as I always *Preach to my ſelf*, I challenge *the moſt Learned Clergyman*, be he either *Churchman*, *Presbyterian*, or *Independent*, &c. to diſprove it.) So that tho' I deny ſuch, or ſuch a Senſe, while I believe, *it is not from God*; his Veracity and Authority is not concerned, ſince I am ready however, to give *a chearful* aſſent to whatever is *clearly and ſufficiently Revealed*. This Propoſition muſt be underſtood only of *thoſe Doctrines* that are *Difficult*, and obſcurely *delivered:* (And conſequently not well underſtood by either *the Parſon within us*, or *him in the Pulpit.*) And that many Things are ſo delivered in Scripture, is certain; for ſome are only *Hinted*, and ſpoken *Occaſionally*; ſome *Figuratively*, and by way of *Parable* and *Allegory*; ſome according to Men's conceptions; and ſome in *Ambiguous and Ænigmatical Phraſes*; which *Obſcurities* may occaſion Miſtake in thoſe, who are very ready to believe whatever God ſaith; and when they do, I ſhould be loath to ſay that ſuch *Err in Faith*; tho' they had *no other Parſon, or Teacher, than their own Underſtandings truly ſanctified*, for I ſhall anon prove *that the ſincere Practice of known Duties*, (*or dying daily to this Life and World*) *wou'd of it ſelf* (*without any other Preacher*) *reſolve the moſt ignorant Perſon in all the abſolute Points of the Chriſtian Religion*; but thoſe that reſt plain Texts to a *Compliance* with their *Intereſts* and their *Luſts*, tho' their *Affections* may bring their *Judgments* to Vote with them; yet theirs is *Error in Faith* with a Witneſs, and capable of no Benefit from what *I here Preach to my ſelf* concerning thoſe *Doctrines and Providences which Tranſcend our Underſtanding*. And therefore that I may *Preach* no longer concerning thoſe Things *that are difficult to be Underſtood, and eaſily miſtaken* (*in hopes to cure that* ATHENIAN ITCH, *or vain Curioſity* that has diſeaſed the *Souls of abundance of* Engliſh *People*,) I'll now conclude this *Sermon to my ſelf*, with declaring:

" I'll no longer embroil my Fancy with the Niceties in Schools;
" which diſpute how *Sin* is remitted, whether by the *Expulſion of any*
" *poſitive Form*, and the Introduction of another oppoſite to it: Whether
" it be by the *the meer infuſion of Grace*, or elſe only by taking away *the*
" *Obligation of a Sinner to eternal Puniſhment*; I'll omit (for the Future)
" all theſe *curious Queſtions*, and attend only to the ſweet Effect, *to wit*,
" that I may be freed from my Iniquity." For *Reader*, were it not better that all *the Arts were baniſhed the Schools and every Man his own Parſon*, than that they ſhould entertain us with ſo many *unedifying Things*, that they ſhould teach us to regulate our *Wills* rather than our *Fancies*, and how

how to live *virtuously* rather than to *dispute well*? Were it not to be wish'd that *Logick*, by which we flourish our *Harangues*, by which we examine the property of Speech, and which boasteth of *laying open Truth* by the subtilty of Arguments, taught us to reform our Manners and to reject all these *vain amusements of the Mind*, which benefit a wise Man as little as they are troublesome and insignificant to the simple.

Were it not better that *Geometry*, taught the Rich to bound his Desires, to divide *a proportion of his Revenues amongst the Poor*, than to shew him the Art of taking the Contents of his *Parks*, the height of his *Palaces*, and the extent of his *Lands*? Were it not to be desired that *the Professors of Divinity* would discover to us the Way *to love rather than define the Creator*, and instead of informing us of his *Essence*, and labouring to make us conceive the *mysterious Trinity* of his *Persons* by the *Unity* of his Nature, to teach us the *awful Adoration of him* whom we are not able to *comprehend*, and to make us forego all that is dearest to us in the World, to be *united to him*, who alone ought to possess all our Affections. But *the Delight of all Arts* is the Pleasure of Discourse, they are swallowed up of the Words that compose them, they are the *Minds Diversion*, and not the Employment of the *Will*, they polish our *Speech*, and our *Actions* remain unrectified, and all the *witty Things* they propose are but to divertize their Lovers; so that as Things are new managed, 'tis well if *every Honest Man* (for I mean only such throughout this *whole Essay*) would now become *his own Parson and Preach to himself*, for the greatest part of our *Sciences* are properly but *specious trifling Imaginations*, and I do not think that he could offend the Learned, who should define Knowledge to be *the Dreams of them that Watch, and Dreams to be the Knowledge of them that Sleep.* These defects in Knowledge would be tolerable, if other *more dangerous Consequences* did not follow them, and that after having held their *Martyrs* in hand with Things that fall out to be of *little Use*, they did not make them Impious or Insolent. For as Knowledge is of an imperious Humour, suffers no opposition, pretends to understand all Things, and would no less be thought *to dive into the Mysteries of Faith* than into the Secrets of Nature; she is made use of to *uphold Vice*, and is conversant about what has *most of Shew*, and not about what hath *most of Truth*, and, by an injustice contrary to that of Idolatry, she employs the most sublime Part of *her Skill*, to bring in question or to overthrow *the Maxims and Principles of Religion.* 'Tis true, *Naked Truth* is so gentle, that she permits all that Court her to take her by the Hand; not to despise her, is sufficient to be *admitted into her presence*, and as the Sun imparts his Light liberally to all Men, she communicates freely to *all those that seek her*: She is obscure only where *Science* hath bemisted her. Those Tracts which ART hath beaten to come at her, have made her inaccessible; that which ought to conduct us to her, has turned us out of the Way; and Man is assured to miss her *so often as he employs Learning to find her.* Nature has endewed us with more ready helps to become better; she hath fix'd our Felicity to our Will, as she condemns all those *Habitudes* which fill our Heads with Wind, she approves no Skills that direct us not to *Virtue*, she rejects all that sublime Knowledge whereof the Learned make their Boast. She esteems them *the Inventions of Ease and Delights*, which after having

having a while entertained our Fancy, leave us in deſpair of finding her.

For this is certain we muſt not judge of the Wiſdom of a Man by *the multitude of Things he hath learned*; *Religion* takes Offence when we ſtudy her Myſteries rather for Knowledge than Reverence, ſhe commands that Practice ſhould be the End of our Travels, and ſhe permits us not to be of the Number of them *who ſpend their whole Lives in the Search without the Love of Truth.* When God placed Man in the *terreſtrial Paradice*, he inſpired him only with the Knowledge of Things needful for him, although the Favours whewith he honoured him were exceſſive, *he limited his Science*, he would not he ſhould learn what could not profit him; and, in the Opinion of *Toſtatus*, he ſent him not the *Animals* made of Corruption to give Names unto, but for that the Knowledge thereof was not of Uſe to him, *too much Learning is always inſolent*, and edifieth not; as we find no *Conquerors* that are not Proud, we ſee *no learned Men that are not puffed up*, *Divines* can tell us that the proud Angels ſtrayed not from their *Duty* but by having *too much Knowledge*.

Ariſtotle was of opinion that the famous Men of Old were often guilty of *fantaſtical Actions*, that they made *ſmall Sallies* which were little different from *great Follies*, that their Extaſies ſurpaſt the Strength of their Reaſon, and that they could bring forth nothing *above ordinary Men* which was not akin to Fury. Thoſe *great Wits* which Antiquity puts amongſt the number of *Prodigies*, have not always been the *wiſeſt Men*, their *Works* are not irreprovable no more than their *Lives*, if they have written ſome Things worthy of Honour, they have left us others as ridiculous, and their Diſciples confeſs they had intervals in which they were not more reaſonable that Mad-men. Although this Language be oppoſite to the common Opinion of the People, and that the *Benefits of Knowledge* oblige Men to give it reverence wherever they find it, yet I think it not hard to draw them to the contrary Sentiment, and to obtain their Aſſent, that the knowing Men at this Day are but delightful Dotards who act the Fool by Authority, and teach Impertinences by approbation. For what is it that our *Profeſſors of Learning* do, when they inſtruct us to define all Things by their chieſeſt Attributes, to ſeparate *their Nature from their Properties*, and by the aid of Propoſitions infer, that *Virtue is a Gender*, that Juſtice and Prudence are the Species, and that *Virtue is ſeparable from Temperance*, but that Temperance is not to be divided for Virtue? What profit do we reap from theſe *Formalities*? Of what Uſe is it to know how to compoſe a *formal Diſcourſe*? To reduce an Argument to an Impoſſibility? To frame *Sophiſms*, to enſnare the Unlearned? and to uſe *Dilemma's* and Inductions to ſurprize the unskilful? What Advantage can we hope from the Knowledge of *Natural Philoſophy*, to be informed that the Earth is ſolid, that God by his Power can ſeparate *the Form from the Matter*, that he unites at his Pleaſure two ſubſtantial Forms into one Compound, and directs the Subſtance to produce a third by the intermediation of Accidents, *to which he communicates his Efficacy*?

But not to *diſcredit Knowledge* without authority, it is not ſhe that hath ſo often changed the Face of Chriſtendom? *Did not Philoſophers become the firſt Hereticks*? Did not the Ages of the greateſt Learning

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lean more to *Atheiſm* than to *Religion*? And was the Church ever more diſmembred than when *Eccleſiaſticks* undertook to raiſe Arguments upon her Dignity and Decrees. *The Diverſity of their Opinions ſtifled that Charity* which ought to have united her, and they *ceaſed to be Chriſtians when they were become learned Men*, the Deſire that poſſeſt them of out-arguing their Antagoniſts made their Deſigns *ſcandalous* even to the *Heathen*; and thoſe Men of Darkneſs were ſufficiently enlightened to ſee that they who were looked upon as the *Pillars of the Church*, robbed her Faith of *Aſſurance*, her Doctrine of Evidence, and her Councils of *Authority*. Doth not all *Europe* complain at this Day of the *Art of Phyſick*? Are not her Remedies as cruel as hazardous? *The Diſputes of her Doctors*, have they not been the Deſtruction of the greateſt Number of them that are gone down to *the Chambers of Death*? Do not *Phyſicians* make traffick of human Bodies without being arrained at *the Tribunals of Juſtice*, when foregoing the Inſtructions of their Maſters, they try *the experience of new Medicines at the Price of our Lives*? And ſee we not daily that they ſend *Death* to their Patients with the Drinks that ought to cure them? *The Churches and Church-yards* are full of their Victims; the *Marbles* that cover them publiſh nothing but their *injuſtice*; and if the *Stones* under which they lye were not inſenſible, they would openly accuſe them of *Temerity and Ambition*: They would proclaim to all the World that *they are deprived of Life by uſing too much means to preſerve it*, that ART haſtened their Sepulture, and that *the Multitude of Medicaments* was the only cauſe of their Death. So that *Science* which was invented to divert and comfort us, is turned into *our chaſtiſement*, and it were to be wiſh'd for the Common Good, that as ſhe is baniſhed from amongſt the *Turks* and *Barbarians*, ſhe were alſo unknown to *Chriſtians*. For as ſhe maintains that the Cauſe from whence ſhe proceeds is *infallible*, ſhe becomes obſtinate in her *Determinations*, ſhe approves of no Waters but what are drawn from her own Fountain, and building upon the *certainty of her own Authority*, ſhe from thence formeth *Conſequences* no leſs dangerous than to her they ſeem evident. In fine, *Knowledge is an immortal Evil*, her *Fury* is without Bounds, her *Malice* exceeds the limits of Time, and ſhe is not leſs pernicious to Man in the Diſcovery of falſe Doctrine, than when *ſhe invents Reaſons* to intice him to defend or embrace it, ſo that if we are thus led aſtray by Men whoſe very Profeſſion 'tis to direct us in the Right Path; 'tis Time for us to examine *whence our Errors ſpring*, and to ſee if by being *Guides* (or *Parſons*) *to our ſelves*, we can take a ſafer Way to Heaven than our *Reverend Clergy* have hitherto ſhewn us; for I had not preach'd thus long *both to my ſelf and others*, but to convince *the Vertuoſi of Great-Britain*, they are our too eager Diſquiſitions after the *Internal* Verities of Things that have led the *Athenian World* into ſo large a Field of *Scepticiſm*. Men muſt be preſſing and breaking into the *Receſſes* of Nature, as that *Conqueror* heretofore into the *Sanctum Sanctorum*, then miſtake the Thing, return diſſatisfied, cry all is *Pageantry*, and that we worſhip Clouds. Then what need is there of *a new Directory for Holy Living and Dying*, to ſpiritualize ſuch abſtruſe, and intricate Points of Religion, as we ſhan't thoroughly underſtand, till we get to Heaven; for my own Part I had rather read the *Aſtoniſhments* of *Job*, when God

poſes him through the whole *Creation*, than all the bold explications of *Men* and *Dæmons*. I had rather conſider the *Rain-bow* as the *Reflection* of God's Mercy, than the *Sun*'s Light, and when I call to mind, that *Thunder* throughout the Scriptures is ſtiled his *Mighty Voice*, I'm ſatisfy'd at what I *Tremble*, and tho' this may debaſe my *Philoſophy*, yet it heightens my *Divinity*; for 'tis plain a *ſerious Chriſtian* may make *a Divine Improvement* of ſome pious *Ænigmas* that he does not underſtand, if any *Athenian* is not yet ſatisfied what is *Divine Truth*, let him but ſeriouſly reflect on his *Death-Bed*, and the Day of *Judgment*, and then I'm perſwaded he'll need no Anſwer; when the Gaiety of *Fancy* forſakes him, and the Proſperity of *Invention* gives no reliſh; when his *Paſſions* and *Appetites* grow languid from the impotence of *Blood*, and his *Brain* becomes too weak for the *Image* of the *World*; then will *Holy Living and Dying* be his beſt News, and a *Poſt-Angel* his beſt Friend; then will he call for a *Portion of Scripture to eaſe his Conſcience, a Drop from the Fountain of Living Water to cool his Tongue.* Then ſet him on the higheſt Mountain of *Metaphyſicks*, and from thence give him the raviſhing Proſpect of all the *Kingdoms* of *human Learning*, all the *Glories of Philoſophy*, yet he will not Worſhip, not Idolize *one glittering Notion*, not part with one *ſingle Text* for Ten thouſand Worlds; for when the *whole Volume of the Creation* ſhall be ſhrivled up like a Scrole of Parchment, then ſhall the HOLY BIBLE be opened, its everlaſting Truths unfolded, and though *Heaven and Earth paſs away, yet not one* Iota *of that ſhall periſh.*

Then (my *Athenian* Reader) captivate all your Thoughts to the Poſitions of Faith, your whole Heart to the Embracement of the Goſpel, be *Chriſtians in earneſt for Heaven*, that is, let the frequent inquiry into the Nature of *Sin*, *Death*, and *Judgment*, macerate your *bold Naturals* into an humble contrition of underſtanding.

Reader—having proved that *Every Man is or might be his own Parſon*, and given the Character both of *the Parſon of a Pariſh*, and of *the Parſon that preaches in our own Breaſts*, and having alſo preached *a Sermon upon the ſeveral* Diſeaſes *of my Soul, but more eſpecially upon my* Athenian Itch, *or too great Curioſity in prying into Divine Myſteries*, I ſhall conclude this Eſſay upon Sermonizing, with a Paradox, proving *That the ſincere Practice of known Duties, (or Dying daily to this Life and World) would of it ſelf* (as 'tis following the Advice of the Parſon that preaches to us both abroad aud at home) reſolve the moſt *Ignorant Perſon in all the abſtruſe Points of the Chriſtian Religion*; to which Paradox *I* ſhall annex Directions—*How we may graciouſly improve thoſe Doctrines and Providences which tranſcend our Underſtandings.*

Reader—*I* ſhall introduce my Paradox (proving that *The ſincere Practice of known Duties, or dying daily to this Life and World, would of it ſelf reſolve the moſt abſtruſe Points of the Chriſtian Religion*) with Obſerving:

Mans Life may not unfitly be compared to a *Candle*; CURIOSITY may well be reſembled to the *Thief* in the Candle, which makes Men to ſpend much precious Time in *needleſs Diſputes*, the Concluſions whereof are both Uncertain and Unprofitable. The *Schoolmen*'s Books are ſtuffed with ſuch Queſtions about *the Diſtances and Dignities of Angels*, as if

Men

Men were to marſhal them in *Rank* and *File*, how that Heavenly *Hoſt* do march in Glory one before another. When Men hear improbable Matters from far Countries related unto them, it is their uſual return, *it is better to believe them, than go thither to confute them.* Then let us not Credit many Unlikelihoods concerning *Angels*, which the Boldneſs of *Schoolmen* have obtruded upon us, but rather labour in *Gods due Time*, to go to *Heaven*, there with our own Happy Experience to confute them.

Well it is ſaid of *Socrates*, that he was the firſt of the *Grecians*, which humbled *Speculative* into *Moral Philoſophy*. How well would the Pains of that Miniſter be imployed, who ſhould endeavour to bring down, and abate *many ſuperfluous contemplative Queries* into *Practical Divinity*; it were *Liberty enough* if the Sermons of all Preachers were bound to keep Reſidence only on ſuch Subjects, which all Chriſtians are bound to believe and practice for their Souls Health; amongſt which this Doctrine (—*That the ſincere Practice of known Duties, or dying daily to this Life and World would of itſelf reſolve the moſt ignorant Perſon in all the abſtruſe Points of the Chriſtian Religion*—) may juſtly challenge a principal Part.

In the proving of this PARADOX, *I* ſhall Firſt—Repreſent to you that *the certain cauſes of our Errors are nothing but direct Sins*, nothing makes us *Fools* and *Ignorants* but living vitious Lives; and then *I* ſhall proceed to prove *That the ſincere Practice of known Duties, (or dying daily to this Life and World) would of it ſelf reſolve the moſt ignorant Perſon in all the abſtruſe Points of the Chriſtian Religion.*

1. No Man underſtands the *Word of God* as it ought to be underſtood, unleſs *he lays aſide all Affections to Sin*: Of which becauſe we have taken very little Care, the product hath been that we have had *very little Wiſdom*, and very little Knowledge in the Ways of God. Κακία ἐγὶ φθορϛικὴ τῆς ἀρχῆς, ſaid *Ariſtotle*, Wickedneſs does corrupt a Man's Reaſoning, it gives him *falſe Principles and evil Meaſures of Things*: The ſweet Wine that *Ulyſſes* gave to the *Cyclops* put his Eye out; and a Man that hath contracted *evil Affections, and made a League with Sin*, ſees only by thoſe Meaſures. *A covetous Man* underſtands nothing to be good that is not profitable; and *a voluptuous Man* likes your Reaſoning well enough if you diſcourſe of *Bonum jucundum*, the *Pleaſures of the Senſe*, the raviſhments of Luſt, the Noiſes and Inadvertenſies, the Mirth and Songs of merry Company; but if you talk to him of *the melancholy Lectures of the Croſs, the Content of Reſignation, the Peace of Meekneſs, and the Joys of the Holy Ghoſt, and of Reſt in God*, after your long Diſcourſe, and his great Silence, he cries out, What's the matter? He knows not what you mean, for where is there a Man but *the more he ſtudies and enquires, ſtill he diſcovers nothing ſo clearly as his own Ignorance*? This is a Demonſtration that we are not in the *right Way*, that we do not enquire wiſely, that our Method is not artificial. If Men did fall upon the right way, it were impoſſible ſo many learned Men ſhould be engaged in contrary Parties and Opinions. We have examined all ways but one, all but God's Way: Let us (having miſſed in all the other) try this: Let us go to God for Truth; for Truth comes from God only, and his Ways are plain, and his Sayings are true, and his Promiſes

Promiſes *Yea* and *Amen*, which fully proves that *the ſincere Practice of known Duties (or dying daily to this Life and World) would of it ſelf reſolve the moſt ignorant Perſon in all the abſtruſe Points of the Chriſtian Religion*, for if we miſs the Truth, it is becauſe we will not find it: For certain it is, that all that Truth which God hath made neceſſary, he hath alſo made legible and plain, and if we will open our Eyes, we ſhall ſee the Sun, and if *we will walk in the Light, we ſhall rejoyce in the Light*: Only let us withdraw the Curtains, let us remove the *Impediments and the Sin that doth ſo eaſily beſet us*; that's God's way. Every Man muſt in his Station do that portion of Duty which God requires of him, and then he ſhall be taught of God all that is fit for him to learn: There is no other way for him but this. *The Fear of the Lord is the beginning of Wiſdom, and a good underſtanding have all they that do his Commandments.* And ſo ſaid *David* of himſelf, *I have more underſtanding than my Teachers; becauſe I keep thy Commandments.* (*a*) But ſo few Men live after this Example of Holy *David*, that if you'd have ſo much as a ſeeming Convert of 'em, you muſt *fit their Humour*, and ſpeak as they do.

I remember that *Arianus* tells of a Gentleman that was baniſhed from *Rome*, and in his Sorrow viſited the *Philoſopher*, and he hear'd him *talk wiſely, and believed him, and promiſed him to leave all the Thoughts of* Rome *and Splendors of the Court, and retire to the Courſe of a ſevere Philoſophy*: But before the Good Man's Lectures were done, there came παρὰ τῦ Καίσαρος, Letters from *Cæſar* to recall him Home, to *give him Pardon*, and promiſe him great Employment. He preſently grew weary of the Good Man's *Sermon*, and wiſhed he would make an End, thought *his Diſcourſe was dull and flat*; for his Head and Heart were full of another Story and new Principles; and by theſe Meaſures he could *hear only* and he could *underſtand*.

Every Man underſtands by his *Affections* more than by his *Reaſon*, and upon this Account it is that there are ſo many falſe Doctrines in the only Article of *Repentance*. Men know they muſt Repent, but *the Definition of Repentance* they take from the Convenience of their own Affairs: What they will not part with, that is not neceſſary to be parted with, and they will *Repent* but not *Reſtore*: They will ſay, *nollem factum*, they wiſh they had never done it; but ſince it is done, you muſt *give them leave to rejoyce in their purchaſe*: They will ask Forgiveneſs of God; but they ſooner forgive themſelves, and ſuppoſe that God is of their Mind. If you tye them to hard Terms, *your Doctrine is not to be underſtood*, or it is but *one Doctors Opinion*, and therefore they will fairly take their leave, and get them *another Teacher*.

What makes theſe evil, theſe dangerous and deſperate Doctrines? Not *the Obſcurity of the Thing*; for I have already proved, *That the ſincere Practice of known Duties, wou'd of it ſelf reſolve the moſt ignorant Perſon all the Abſtruſe Points of the Chriſtian Religion*; but the Cloud upon the Heart; for ſay you what you will, *he that hears muſt be the Expounder*, and we can never ſuppoſe but a Man will give Sentence in behalf of what he paſſionately loves. So that it is no Wonder *we underſtand ſo little of Religion*: It is becauſe we are in love with that

(*a*) *Pſal.* 111. *ver.* 10. *Pſal.* 119.

which

which deſtroys it; and as a Man does not care to hear what does not pleaſe him, *ſo neither does he believe it*; he cannot, he will not underſtand it.

Let God declare his Mind never ſo plainly, if Men will not lay aſide *the evil Principle that is within*, their open love to their *ſecret Sin*, they may kill an Apoſtle, and yet be ſo ignorant as to *think they do God good Service.*

2. No Man, how learned ſoever, can underſtand the Word of God, or be at Peace in the Queſtions of Religion, unleſs he be *a Maſter over his Paſſions*:

Tu quoque ſi vis Lumine claro
Cernere verum, Gaudia pelle,
Pelle Timorem: Nubila mens eſt
Vinctaque frænis Hæc ubi regnant.

Said the wiſe *Boethius.* A Man muſt firſt learn himſelf before he can learn God. *Tua te fallit Imago*: Nothing deceives a Man ſo ſoon as a Man's ſelf; when a Man is (that I may uſe *Plato*'s expreſſion) συμπεπυρωμένος τῇ γενέσει, mingled with his Nature and his congenial Infirmities of *Anger* and *Deſire*, he can never have any thing but ἀμυδρὰν δόξαν, a knowledge partly moral and partly natural: *His whole Life is but Imagination; his knowledge is Inclination and Opinion*; he judges of Heavenly Things by *the meaſures of his Fears and Deſires*, and his Reaſon is half of it Senſe, and determinable by the Principles of Senſe. Ἔυγε ὅτι φιλοσοφεῖς ἐν πάθεσι, then a Man learns well *when he is a* Philoſopher *in his Paſſions.* (*a*) Paſſionate Men are to be taught *the firſt Elements of Religion*: And let Men pretend to as much learning as they pleaſe, they muſt begin again at *Chriſt*'s *Croſs*; they muſt learn *true Mortification and Crucifixion of their Anger and Deſires*, before they can be good Scholars in *Chriſt*'s *School*, or be admitted into the more ſecret Enquiries of Religion, or profit in ſpiritual Underſtanding.

But *Reader*, Perhaps you may here ask me (if we muſt lay aſide *all Affections to Sin, and be Maſters of our Paſſions*, &c. becauſe they are the cauſe of our *Controverſies* and *Ignorances* in the Things of God) how is it poſſible (as the beſt Man living Sins Daily in Thought, Word and Deed) *That the ſincere Practice of known Duties, or dying daily to this Life and World, ſhould reſolve the moſt ignorant Perſon in all the abſtruſe Points of the Chriſtian Religion.*

To this I anſwer, Sometimes God gives to his choiceſt, his moſt elect and precious Servants, a knowledge even of *Secret Things*, which he communicates not to others. We find it greatly remarked in the Caſe of *Abraham*, Gen. 18. 17. *And the Lord ſaid ſhall I hide from* Abraham *that Thing that I do?* Why not from *Abraham?* God tells us v. 19. *For I know him, that he will command his Children and his Houſhold after him, and they ſhall keep the way of the Lord, to do Juſtice and Judgment.* And though this be irregular and infrequent, yet it is a Reward of their *true Piety* (*or Sincere Practice of known Duties*) and the proper increaſe alſo of the ſpiritual Man. We find this ſpoken by God

(*a*) *Nazianz. ad Philagrium.* to

to *Daniel*, and promiſed to be the Lot of the Righteous Man in the Days of the *Meſſias*; *many ſhall be purified and made white and tryed*; *but the Wicked ſhall do wickedly*: and what then? *None of the Wicked ſhall underſtand*; *but the Wiſe ſhall underſtand.* (*a*) Where beſides that the wiſe Man and the wicked are oppoſed, plainly ſignifying that the wicked Man is a Fool and an Ignorant: It is plainly ſaid that *None of the wicked ſhall underſtand* the Wiſdom, and Myſteriouſneſs of the Kingdom of the *Meſſias*, which fully proves, *a good Life is the beſt way to underſtand Wiſdom and Religion*, becauſe by the Experiences and Reliſhes of Religion, there is conveyed to them *ſuch a ſweetneſs*, to which all wicked Men are Strangers: There is in the Things of God to them which practice them, a deliciouſneſs that makes us love them, and that love admits us into God's Cabinet, and ſtrangely *clarifies the Underſtanding by the purification of the Heart.* For when our *Reaſon* is raiſed up by the Spirit of Chriſt, it is turned quickly into *Experience*: When our Faith relies upon the Principles of Chriſt, it is changed into Viſion: And ſo long as we know God only in the Ways of Man, *by contentious Learning*, *by arguing and diſpute*, we ſee nothing but the *Shadow of him*, and in that Shadow we meet with many dark Appearances, little Certainty and much Conjecture: But when we know him λόγῳ ἀποδεικτικῷ, γαλλιῶν νοερᾷ, with *the Eyes of holineſs* and the Intuition of *Gracious Experiences*, with a quiet Spirit and *the Peace of Enjoyment*; then we ſhall hear what we never heard, and ſee what our Eyes never ſaw; then the Myſteries of Godlineſs ſhall be opened unto us, and clear as the Windows of the Morning. And this is rarely well expreſſed by the Apoſtle, *If we ſtand up from the Dead, and awake from Sleep, then Chriſt ſhall give us Light.* (*b*)

For although the *Scriptures* themſelves are written by the Spirit of God, yet they are written within and without; and beſides the Light that ſhines upon the Face of them, unleſs there be *a Light ſhining within our Hearts*, unfolding the leaves, and interpreting the *myſterious Senſe of the Spirit*, convincing our Conſciences and preaching to our Hearts; to look for Chriſt in the Leaves of the Goſpel, is to *look for the Living amongſt the Dead.* There is a Life in them, but that Life is (according to St. *Paul*'s expreſſion) *hid with Chriſt in God*: And unleſs the Spirit of God be the *Promo-condus*, we ſhall never draw it forth; *The Angels in Heaven* dwell in Love and Contemplation, they Worſhip and Obey, but diſpute not; and our Quarrels and impertinent Wranglings about Religion are nothing elſe but the Want of the Meaſures of this State.

But that we may ſpeak not only Things *Myſterious*, but things *Intelligible*; how does it come to paſs, by what Means, and what Oeconomy is it effected, that *the ſincere Practice of known Duties* (or a Holy Life) is the beſt *Determination of all Queſtions*, and the ſureſt way of Knowledge? Is it to be ſuppoſed that a *Godly Man* is better enabled to determine the Queſtions of *Purgatory* or *Tranſubſtantiation*? Is the Gift of *Chaſtity* the beſt way to reconcile *Thomas* and *Scotus*? and is *a temperate Man* always a better Scholar than a Drunkard? To this I Anſwer, that

(*a*) *Dan.* 12. 10. (*b*) *Eph.* 5. 14.

in

in all Things in which true Wiſdom conſiſts, *Holineſs*, which is the beſt Wiſdom, is the ſureſt Way of underſtanding them. What Learning is it to diſcourſe of the Philoſophy of the *Sacrament*, if you do not feel the Virtue of it? And the Man that can with eloquence and ſubtilty diſcourſe of the inſtrumental Efficacy of *Baptiſmal Waters*, talks ignorantly in reſpect of him who hath the *Anſwer of a good Conſcience* within, and is cleanſed by the purifications of the Spirit. How can a wicked Man underſtand the *Purities of the Heart*? And how can an evil and unworthy *Communicant* tell what it is *to have received Chriſt by Faith*, to dwell with him, to be united to him, to receive him in his Heart? *The good Man* only underſtands that: The one ſees the Colour, and the other feels the *Subſtance*; the one diſcourſes of the *Sacrament*, and the other *receives Chriſt*; the one diſcourſes for or againſt *Tranſubſtantiation*, but the good Man *feels himſelf to be changed* and ſo joyned to Chriſt, that he only underſtands the true Senſe of *Tranſubſtantiation*, while he becomes to Chriſt *Bone of his Bone*, *Fleſh of his Fleſh*, and of the ſame Spirit with his Lord; if the Spirit of God be *our Teacher*, we ſhall learn to avoid Evil, and to do Good, to be Wiſe, and to be Holy, to be Profitable and Careful: And they that walk in this Way ſhall find *more Peace in their Conſciences*, *more Skill in the Scriptures*, *more Satisfaction in their Doubts* than can be obtain'd by all the polemical and impertinent Diſputations of the World. God kept *the Secrets of his Kingdom* from the wiſe *Heathens* and the learned *Jews*, revealing them to *Babes*, not becauſe they had *leſs Learning*, but becauſe they had *more Love*; they were Children and Babes in *Malice*, they loved Chriſt, and ſo he became to them a Light and a Glory. St. *Paul* had more learning than they all; and *Moſes* was inſtructed in all the Learning of the *Egyptians*; yet becauſe he was *the meekeſt Man upon Earth*, he was alſo *the wiſeſt*, and to his human Learning in which he was excellent, he had *a divine Light and excellent Wiſdom* ſuperadded to him by Way of *ſpiritual Bleſſings*. And St. *Paul*, though he went very far to *the Knowledge of many great and excellent Truths by the force of human Learning*, yet he was far ſhort of perfective Truth and true Wiſdom, till he learned *a new Leſſon in a new School*, at the Feet of one greater than his *Gamaliel*: His Learning grew much greater, his Notions brighter, his Skill deeper, by *the Love of Chriſt and his Deſires*, his paſſionate Deſires after *Jeſus*.

He that goes about to ſpeak of and to underſtand the *myſterious Trinity*; (about which near *two Hundred Books* have been lately publiſhed to no better Purpoſe, than to render thoſe *abſtruſe Points in Religion* unintelligible, which before every *True Chriſtian* fully believed) and does it *by Words and Names of Man's Invention*, or by ſuch which ſignifie *contingently*, if he reckons this Myſtery by the *Mythology* of Numbers, by the *Cabala* of Letters, by the *Diſtinctions of the School*, and by the weak Inventions of diſputing People; if he only talks of *Eſſences, and Exiſtences, Hypoſtaſes and Perſonalities, Diſtinctions without Difference, and Priority in Coequalities, and Unity in Pluralities, and of ſuperior Predicates of no larger extent then the inferior Subjects*, may amuſe himſelf, and find his Underſtanding will be like St. *Peters* upon the Mount of *Tabor* at the Transfiguration: He may build three *Tabernacles* in his Head, and talk ſomething, but he knows not what, but the good Man that

feels

feels the *Power of the Father*, and he to whom the Son is become *Wiſdom, Righteouſneſs, Sanctification*, and *Redemption*; he in *whoſe Heart the Love of the Spirit of God is ſpread*, to whom God hath communicated the *Holy Ghoſt*, the *Comforter*; this Man, though he underſtands nothing of that which is unintelligible, yet *he only* underſtands the *Miſteriouſneſs of the Holy Trinity*. No Man can be convinced well and wiſely of the Article of the *Holy, Bleſſed* and *Undivided Trinity*, but he that feels the Mightineſs of the Father begetting him to a *new Life*, the Wiſdom of the Son *building him up in a moſt Holy Faith*, and the *Love of the Spirit of God* making him to become like unto God; there is no other ſatisfactory Knowledge of the Bleſſed *Trinity* but this: And therefore whatever Thing is ſpoken of God *Metaphyſically*, there is no knowing of God *Theologically* and as he ought to be known, but by *the Meaſures of Holineſs* and the proper Light of the Spirit of *God*.

But in this Caſe *Experience* is the beſt Learning, and *Chriſtianity* is the beſt Inſtitution, and the *Spirit of God* is the beſt Teacher, and *Holineſs* is the greateſt Wiſdom; and he that Sins moſt is the moſt Ignorant, and the humble and obedient Man is the beſt Scholar. *For the Spirit of God is a loving Spirit, and will not enter into a polluted Soul: But he that keepeth the Law getteth the Underſtanding thereof, and the Perfection of the Fear of the Lord, is Wiſdom* (*a*).

Thus *Reader* you ſee the beſt way of *Reſolving the moſt Ignorant Perſon in all the abſtruſe Points of the Chriſtian Religion*; it is not by his reading *multitude of Books*, but by *his ſincere Practice of known Duties* (*or dying daily to this Life and World*) it is not by the laborious Commentaries of the Doctors, but by the Expoſitions of the *Spirit of God*: It is not by the Rules of *Metaphyſicks*, but by the Proportions of *Holineſs*: And when *all Books are Read, and all Arguments Examined, and all Authorities alledged*, nothing can be found to be true that is unholy. *Give your ſelves to Reading, to Exhortation, and to Doctrine*, ſaith St. *Paul*. Read all good Books you can; but exhortation unto good Life is the beſt Inſtrument, and the beſt Teacher of true *Doctrine*, of that which is *according to Godlineſs*.

And therefore (to uſe the Words of the Right Reverend Father in God THOMAS Lord Biſhop of *Chicheſter*.)

" If we would obtain this *ſpiritual Strength*, we muſt often " meditate on *the clear Evidences of our Religion*; admit no " doubts concerning its *principal Articles*, and be often repre- " ſenting to our Minds *the excellent deſign of the Goſpel*. Tho' " the Doctrines and Promiſes of our Religion be ever ſo valuable in " themſelves and important to us, yet 'tis *the Certainty of them that fills* " *us with Satisfaction*, and gives us that *Hope* and *Confidence* which is the " Strength of the Soul. *The Evidences* we have for the *Truth* of our " Religion, are as great as the *Nature* of Religion will bear, and as our " Faith and Condition in this Life require. And tho' *perverſe Men* be " continually ſtarting of Objections, and *every Age of the Church* have its " ſubtle and ſharp Adverſaries; yet *an honeſt Mind*, eſtabliſh'd upon " thoſe plain Matters of Fact, on which the *Chriſtian Religion* is grounded,

(*a*) *Eccluſ.* 21. 11.

" may

" may preſerve its Faith amidſt them all, by looking upon *all thoſe Diſ-*
" *putes and Cavillings* as ſo many Temptations to try the Conſtancy of
" his Belief. Sophiſtical Reaſonings, bold Speculations, and *over*
" *curious Refinements in Matters of Religion*, will be always flow-
" ing from thoſe Heads which have ill Deſigns, or have too much
" Leiſure: But what *Fooleries* muſt ſuch Attempts appear to *a ſerious*
" *and wiſe Chriſtian*, who knows that the *Articles of his Creed*, are the
" *Oracles of God*, and the *Revelations* of divine Wiſdom, and not the
" Probabilities of human Underſtanding? And therefore, *the more other*
" *People diſpute and doubt, the more firmly he believes and practices*; and
" that ill Mode of doubting which may ſtagger thoſe who *love not the*
" *Truth*, gives him an Occaſion of taking a nearer View of the Evi-
" dence of his Religion, and *fixes him upon an everlaſting Founda-*
" *tion.*

" The excellent Deſign of *the Goſpel* thoroughly conſider'd, is a com-
" pleat Anſwer to all the *Blaſphemies* and *Imputations* of Falſity and
" Impoſture; for he who knows any thing truly of *God and his Per-*
" *fections*, may eaſily diſcern *his Image in the Holy Scriptures*; and he
" who loves his *Goodneſs* will apply himſelf to the *Fountain of Grace*,
" and be quickly conſcious of its *Power and Strength*; and really there
" is nothing more hard to be deceived in Matters of pure Religion,
" than *a pious and humble Heart.*

" The Force and Power then of our Religion, is founded upon the
" *Firmneſs of our Perſwaſion*; and the Firmneſs of that, depends upon
" our *outward and inward Evidences*; and as we meditate upon theſe,
" we are ſtrengthened with *more and more Might according to his glori-*
" *ous Power.*

" (2.) We muſt be *very ſerious and earneſt in all our Devotions*; for
" thereby we may be certain of drawing into our Souls *a great Degree*
" *of Spiritual Strength.* When our *Prayers* are right for their Matter
" and Deſign, and are ſent forth by an Heart qualify'd for that *ſacred*
" *Performance*, they never return empty; for Chriſt has given us his
" *own Word and Promiſe* for their Succeſs, and we have *his own pow-*
" *erful Interceſſion* to make it good. So likewiſe the *Holy Sacrament*
" being a Myſtery accompany'd with Prayers and Praiſes, when wor-
" thily and devoutly receiv'd, never fails of adding *new Strength to the*
" *Soul*; for 'tis the heavenly Bread by which *the divine Life* is nou-
" riſh'd and maintain'd, and greatly increaſed: There we may expect
" all that *moral Improvement* which ariſes from good Thoughts, and
" heavenly Deſigns, and pious Reſolutions; and *all that infuſed Bleſſing*
" which God by the *Myſtery* imparts; there we may find that *Strength*
" which a Soul well employ'd and well exerciſed, attains to; and there
" we may receive *a more plentiful Communication of the Grace of Union*,
" whereby we are ſealed to Immortality, and a glorious Reſurrection,
" are made one Spirit and one Body with Chriſt. They who find none
" of theſe Effects, can blame nothing but their *own unprepared Hearts*;
" or if People indulge themſelves in *any one Sin*; to be ſure that *one Sin*
" will not ſuffer their Religion to grow, nor the *ſeveral Parts of their*
" *Devotion* to unite into the *inward Strength of their Souls.*" Thus far
that Truly, Pious, and Learned Prelate, THOMAS, Lord Biſhop of

Reader—having (I preſume) fully proved, that *The ſincere Practice of known Duties* (*or Dying Daily to this Life and World*) *would of it ſelf reſolve the moſt Ignorant Perſon in all the abſtruſe Points of the Chriſtian Religion*, I ſhall now conclude this SECOND ESSAY (which I thought could not be omitted if I'd compleat *A new Directory for Holy Living and Dying*) with ſome Directions, *how we may graciouſly improve thoſe Doricines and Providences which Tranſcend our Underſtandings?*

In theſe DIRECTIONS I ſhall wholly follow the Advice of *a celebrated Divine of great Piety and Learning* (now in Heaven) with whom I was long and intimately acquainted.

And here (*Reader*) I ſhall firſt obſerve, that " In the moſt Myſterious ' *Doctrines* and *Providences*, there is ſomewhat apprehenſible by us, enough ' to oblige us to conclude that there is no Implication in the Doctrines, nor any Inconſiſtency between one and another. They are not ' contrary unto our Reaſons, neither are the Providences ſuch, but that ' what difficulty ſoever about them lies before us, they are not unworthy of God; only we cannot ſee how, without all ſcruple to ſatisfie ' our ſelves concerning ſome things of leſſer Moment with relation unto ' them. We cannot ſay that the Doctrines and Providences are ſuch ' as in their own Nature are incapable of a Solution; but this only ' we can ſay, we know not how to ſolve them. There is ſomewhat in ' them that is above us, the which does but ſhew that they are from ' God. If the Doctrines and Providences had been in all reſpects ' plain and obvious, how could it appear they had been of God; ' ſurely what things ſoever are in all reſpects eaſily within our compaſs, ' cannot be ſuppoſed to be from one infinitely above us; wherefore ' then that the World may ſee that the Author of Chriſtian Doctrines ' and Providences is God, God has left ſome Characters and Ideas of ' himſelf upon them, the which may be obſerved in every thing that is ' *of God.* In thoſe very things that are *moſt known unto us, if well* ' *looked* into, we ſhall find ſomewhat extraordinary; the Reaſon of ' which we cannot with any ſatisfaction fully diſcover, for there is ſtill ' in them ſomewhat beyond us.

If any ſhall ask why *Divine Truths* are ſo obſcur'd? I anſwer, it may be they are *reſerved to augment our Future Bliſs*, which ſhall conſiſt as well in *the enlargement of our Knowledge, as the refining of our Wills*: When the Vail of *Ignorance* is to be taken away, and *we ſhall know even as we are known* (*a*) or perhaps it is to encreaſe *our Reſpect to them*; for Men do uſually eſteem that with greater Reverence, with which they be not ſo throughly acquainted.

' Theſe Things being ſo, 'tis manifeſt, That the many profound ' *Doctrines* that are in Scripture, and the many dark *Providences* that ' attend us, do very much contribute to our living the more religiouſly, (*i. e.*) to our walking the more by *Faith*, to the ſaving the Soul.

' This, I conceive, is one great End of the profoundneſs of the *Do-* ' *ctrines* of Religion, and of the many Difficulties in the *Providences* of ' God, namely, to raiſe us up to a Life above Senſe and Reaſon, even ' to the Life of *Faith*, which is a high and a heavenly Life.

(*a*) 1 Cor. 13.

' The

'The more Difficulties that lie in the Way of our Believing, the 'more ſtrong is the Faith that is exerciſed; and the ſtronger our 'Faith, the more God is glorified by us, and the more is our Salvation 'furthered; the which being ſo, we have great Reaſon to be abun-'dantly quickned in our Thoughts.

'As by Faith we behold the Accompliſhment of the Promiſes, 'which are not comprehended by our Reaſon, and can thorough the 'Myſteriouſneſs of Doctrines and Providences ſee that they are of God, 'ſo by *Faith we are enabled to put our Truſt* and *Confidence in God*, 'even *when under the darkeſt Diſpenſations.* Faith never appears ſo much 'in its luſtre as when the greateſt Difficulties lie before it. Then 'tis 'that the Believer puts his Truſt in the Power, Wiſdom, Mercy and 'Faithfulneſs of God, when under the obſcureſt Diſpenſations. When 'there are ſome difficult Appearances in the Sacred Scriptures that re-'late to ſome Doctrines, and when ſome Providences ſeem to be contrary 'to the Diſcoveries that are made of God's Faithfulneſs, *&c.* then 'tis 'that our Faith appears in its Beauty; for thereby we ſhew the juſt 'apprehenſions we have of God's Power, Wiſdom, Mercy and Faith-'fulneſs. That God has promiſed to extend his Compaſſions to Belie-'vers, that he will order all things to work together for their Good, 'is evident enough in Scripture; but yet notwithſtanding this, all 'things ſeem to be againſt them, they are afflicted and under ſore 'Temptations, they loſe their temporal Eſtates, are deprived of their 'Liberty, are Sick, Weak, and in great Diſtreſs, ſeveral thwarting 'Providences attend them, all Things are ſeemingly againſt them: 'Thus it was with good old *Jacob*, he is bereaved of his Children, '*Joſeph* is not, *Simeon* is not, and *Benjamin* muſt be taken away; *All 'theſe Things* (ſays he) *are againſt me*, Gen. 42. 36. But yet this was 'the Time for *Jacob* to exerciſe his Faith, as he did in the following 'Chapter, *ver.* 14. *q. d. The Lord Almighty be with you*, with him I 'leave you; to him I commit my Concerns; *If I am bereaved I am 'bereaved* (*i. e.*) the Will of the Lord be done. Thus it was with '*Job*; God had ſuffered the Tempter to break in upon him; God him-'ſelf ſeemed as if he was reſolved he ſhould die; and yet then could '*Job* ſay, *Though he ſlay me yet will I put my Truſt in him*, Job 13. 15. 'So with *Habakkuk*, chap. 3 17, 18, 19. *Although the Fig-tree ſhall 'not bloſſom, neither ſhall Fruit be in the Vines, though the Labour of 'the Olive ſhall fail, and the Fields ſhall yield no Meat, though the 'Flocks ſhall be cut off the Fold, and there ſhall be no Herd in the Stalls, 'yet will I rejoyce in the Lord, the Lord God is my Strength, he will make 'me to walk upon mine high Places.*

'Whoever will duly conſider, How that Man when in Innocency 'was moſtly diſpoſed to cloſe with the Temptation of being like unto 'God in Knowledge, and that the Lord ever ſince the Fall, hath taken 'ſpecial care to keep us very much in the Dark, may eaſily ſee that the 'Uſe we are to make of the Tranſcendency of the Doctrines and Pro-'vidences of God, is to *walk humbly before the Lord*, and be to afraid 'to enquire too curiouſly after his Secrets.

'When *Adam* was firſt Created, his Knowledge was much more 'full, clear and diſtinct than afterwards it was; and no queſtion but 'that it afforded him ſuitable Delight and Satisfaction. He ſaw ſo 'much Excellency in the Knowledge of God and his Works, that a 'Temptation to the doing any thing but what might encreaſe his Know-'ledge, would with the greateſt Diſdain be contemned and rejected: 'This the ſubtle Tempter ſaw, and therefore recommends the forbidden 'Fruit as what was rather to be choſen as a Means of enlarging his Know-'ledge, than as what was pleaſing to the Taſte; *Ye ſhall be as Gods, 'knowing Good and Evil. Adam* finding ſo much Pleaſure in the Know-'ledge he already had, is ſoon tempted to be inordinate in the deſiring 'more, yea, ſo inordinate, that as ſoon as he meets with the Tempta-'tion, no Knowledge leſs than what was like unto Gods, could ſatisfie 'him, and ſo he fell. So that the Sin of our firſt Parents was an Am-'bition to be like unto God in Knowledge, an inordinate deſire of 'knowing what could not be known by any but by him whoſe Under-'ſtanding is infinite; and this Sin appears in all his Off-ſpring; we 'would fain be like unto God, and we are unwilling to be ſatisfied with 'ſuch Meaſures as the Lord appoints, and therefore are prying into 'the deep things of God. Such are our low thoughts of God, and ſuch 'are the high Thoughts we have of our ſelves, that we think it not 'impoſſible to know God to perfection, and therefore are ſo curious 'and ſtrict in our enquiry after him.

'God keeps his Diſtance, he will make us know that he is the Lord, 'and that we are but Men, even vain Worms that cannot comprehend 'him, and who therefore ought to ſubmit our ſelves unto God, and 'humble our ſelves before him, and not come too near him; for the 'nearer we come the more we are in the Dark, the more at a Loſs, yea 'the more perplexed and confuſed are our Apprehenſions.

'This the Tranſcendency of the Doctrines and Providences of God 'does evince; which is enough to ſhew, how humble we ought to be 'when we diſcourſe of God, and how Modeſt in our Enquiries into his 'Doctrines and Providences. Content thy ſelf therefore with what is 'clearly revealed, and leave what is hid and above thee unto God. Be 'not thou ſo bold as to meaſure the boundleſs Myſteries of God, by thy 'narrow confined Underſtanding; neither do thou preſume to reject 'what thou canſt not comprehend. What is of God is above thee, for 'God is God, he is cloathed with Honour and Majeſty, and with that 'Light which is inacceſſible. We ought therefore to be modeſt when 'we ſpeak of the unſearchable Doctrines and Providences of God; 'for in them we ſee enough to admire, but can never comprehend; and 'when we have ſpent all our Time to find out God, and the infinity of 'his Being, the Myſtery of the Trinity, the Mode of his Workings or 'Operations, the Depth of his Contrivances about the accompliſhing 'Fall'n Man's Salvation, and all the great Counſels of God; and the In-'tricacy of his Providences, we muſt come to this Cloſe with the Apoſtle, '*O! the depth of the Riches both of the Wiſdom and Knowledge of God! 'how unſearchable are his Judgments, and his Ways paſt finding 'out.*

And

And therefore as many *Reverend Sons of the Clergy* (both Churchmen, and Diſſenters) have publiſhed ſeveral excellent Sermons upon thoſe *Doctrines and Providences which Tranſcend our Underſtandings* that I may do all the Juſtice I poſſibly can to *The Honourable, Birth, Education, Learning, and eminent Charity of CLERGYMEN'S SONS*, as well as to their *Reverend Progenitors* that Preach in Publick to their Congregation, as well as privately to their own Conſciences; I'll now conclude this Eſſay (intitled, *Every Man his own Parſon*, &c) with an *Appendix* (reducing the foregoing *Sermons* to *Practice*) which I'll intitle,

The Parſon's Son: *Or, A* Congratulary Poem *to the Miniſter's Children, on their ANNUAL and Splendid Feaſt, kept at* Merchant-Taylor's-Hall, December *the 7th*, MDCLXXXII. *Dedicated to the Stewards of the next Meeting of Clergymen's Sons.*

By *JOHN DUNTON*, Son, Grandſon, and Great Grandſon, to a CLERGYMAN.

To my Honoured Friends and Brethren, the Stewards of the next Meeting of *Clergymen's Sons.*

Honoured Bretheren,

THERE *is ſcarce any* Dignity in Church or State, *any Profeſſion, or Calling, or Rank, which ſome* Clergyman's Son *has not advanced the Reputation of* ——— *Mr.* Weſt, *in his Sermon to the* Sons of the Clergy, *has this Expreſſion* "*I might mention a great many Inſtances of* "your Bounty and Liberality, *and recount a vaſt Number of your pub-* "*lick Acts of Charity, but I ſhou'd not paſs over in ſilence that* Generous "Benefaction *lately left by a Right Reverend Father* * *to this Corporation* "*of the* Sons of the Clergy; (*for*, to the great Honour of Clergymen's "Sons, *there was a Charter granted by* Charles II. *on purpoſe for erect-* "*ing* a Corporation *for the Relief of* Miniſters, Widows, and Chil- "dren) *but the perpetual Good it will do, will be a more laſting Memo-* "*rial than any Commendation can be given it.*" *So that we may ſay to thoſe of the Tribe of* Gad, (*eſpecially if they are ſuch that have the Impudence to ſay* Parſon's Sons never come to Good, *&c.*) *in the Words of* Tertullian ‡ Veſtra omnia implevimus urbes, municipia, caſtra, decurias, palatium, ſenatum, forem: *And this, as it confirms God's antient Promiſes of bleſſing* the Seed of the Righteous, *ſo it reminds us, that ſince by his kind Providence our Branches are ſpread ſo far, it becomes us in all Places through which we paſs, to leave* ſome Footſteps of our virtuous

* *Dr.* Turner, *late Lord Biſhop of* Ely, *who left Twelve Hundred Pounds to it.* ‡ *Apol. c.* 37.

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Education and honourable Birth, *and of the Principles inſtill'd into us by our Religious Parents; to whoſe Memory we cannot dedicate a better Monument, than* the publick Fruits of their Cultivation, and a Life anſwerable to their Inſtructions and Prayers.

'Tis certain *Clergymen's Sons* are greatly obliged to their *Reverend Parents* for that *Learned Education* they (generally) beſtow upon 'em, and that for the following Reaſons:

" (1.) Becauſe *a Learned Education renders Clergymen's Sons more agreeable in Neighbourhood and Converſation.* Moſt of your little Animoſities and Quarrels are to be found chiefly amongſt *uneducated People*; " and tho' we find too much of them among *Men who have been better bred*, yet they are ſeldom guilty of that roughneſs and hard Language " which is common among others: Nay, the obliging and endearing " Airs of Converſation are in the greateſt Heigth and Perfection to be " ſeen only in thoſe Gentlemen (or Clergymen's Sons) who have had the " Advantage of the moſt learned Education. For, as for all the other " *little Arts of Popular Talk and Refin'd Addreſs*, they lie but thin " ſpread over a Man, like Varniſh, and every untoward Accident makes " him liable to diſcover his *inward Imperfections.* I will not ſay that " an Education perfectly Bookiſh *where Genius, and the Life and Brightneſs of Nature, and a competent Knowledge of the World*, are deficient; " I will not ſay this does render a Man *more agreeable in Converſation*; " but if Men would take care to talk as they ought to do, and would " be *improving their Minds upon all occaſions*, (for which no Perſons have " ſuch a fair Opportunity as *Clergymen's Sons*) they would find more " Satisfaction in the uſeful tho' unpoliſh'd Diſcourſe, of ſuch " a Perſon, than in *all the Circle of fine Jeſts and Tales* that are requiſite " to furniſh out an empty Wit.

" (2.) *Becauſe Learned Education does commonly endow Clergymen's Sons with more than ordinary Principles of Generoſity.* The Company, which " they are Educated among, are Perſons who are generally *Men of Honour*, and who value their Reputation, and ſcorn *a baſe Thing*; and " therefore if they fall into ſuch Actions they muſt ſort out to themſelves *a new Acquaintance*; for they will be abandon'd by all their " former Friends, who are *Lovers of Honour and Virtue.* Beſides the " Minds of *Clergymen's Sons* have been habituated to ſuch *generous Virtues* " during their whole Series of Education, that they cannot, without " *a great Force upon their Inclinations*, ſtoop to ſordid Vices; and for that " Reaſon, *a baſe Covetouſneſs, diſhoneſt Dealing, or Treacherouſneſs, and ſuch other ſhameful Vices* are rarely incident to *Clergymen's Sons*, as " being Perſons (generally) of a *Learned Education.* Their very Reading in *Philoſophy* and *Hiſtory* affords them ſuch excellent Rules and " Examples which ſo *tinctures* their Souls with theſe noble Ideas, as " makes it no eaſy matter for them to be tempted to do an unworthy " Thing. The *Vulgar and Illiterate* have very little Senſe of Fame and " Honour, and do many ſcandalous Things when they may be advantageous; but *Clergymen's Sons* being Perſons of a Liberal Education " have, for the moſt part, ſuch *a ſpark of Honour* within their Breaſts, " as is a Guard to them againſt the Commiſſion of *any enormous Crimes* at leaſt; and oftentimes is the *laſt Stake of Virtue* within them,

" when

" when all *true Piety and Religon* have taken their Flight: A Spark " which ſometimes, by *God's Grace*, kindles again into a bright Flame " of Piety and true Religion, when others live on ſenſeleſs and ſtupid " Sinners to the laſt.

" *And Thirdly, Becauſe a Learned Education does render a Clergyman's* " *Son more Eminent in his particular Calling.* A Previous Knowledge " in any part of Literature does qualifie a Man for the underſtanding " of *any kind of Buſineſs*, far better than one who is deſtitute of all. " It *opens and clears ones Head* for a ready Preception of whatever ſhall " be propoſed to us; for, the more *the Mind is uſed to thinking and* " *contemplation*, the more quick and perceptive it is, and is diſcernable " even in thoſe that have been very little uſed to it. A Lad that has " but gone thro' *a Form or two in a Grammar School*, that has had " Thoughts but a ſmall matter Exerciſed about *the Propriety of Speech,* " *and the Congruity of Terms* with one another, only in the Gramma- " tical Way of Concord, ſhall have a far greater Facility *in Learning* " *any Art*, than one taken from the *Plough*, or any other, who all his " Time has lived by pure Senſe, without any manner of *abſtracted* " *Thought or Meditation.* But a farther Progreſs, in a well managed " Courſe of Studies, gives a kind of *new Genius to the Soul*, and often- " times quickens the ſloweſt Natures; ſo that, when Learning and a " noble Stock of natural Parts meet together, (as is often ſeen in " *Clergymen's Sons*) they muſt needs arrive, in any thing they apply " themſelves to, to the *utmoſt Perfection that human Nature is capable* " *of.* For there is an Analogy between all ſort of Reaſoning, and " Men, who have been uſed to make good Conſequences in *one Art of* " *Science*, with a little Application may do it as well in another. But " I need not go to prove this; for 'tis evident to every ones Obſer- " vation, that the moſt Famous in any Art whatſoever are generally " *Clergymen's Sons* (or the beſt Scholars in that Profeſſion.) A good " *Philoſopher* and *Hiſtorian* ſhall make the beſt *Lawyer*, and an ordinary " *Mathematician* an excellent *Mechanick*; nay, by frequent Reading " ſenſible Authors, a Man will *improve his Reaſon* ſo that he ſhall be " able to Buy and Sell, and manage Trade the better for it."——Thus far the Reverend Dr. *Nichols* in his Sermon preached to thoſe *Clergy- men's Sons* who were Educated at St. *Paul's* School.

So that you ſee Gentlemen, *for ſeveral Reaſons, the Birth and Educa- tion of Miniſters Children may well be accounted* Honourable; *and I yet account it the more Honourable, as that ingenious Gentleman and eminent Divine, Mr.* Timothy Rogers, *is pleaſed to ſay, (in the Sermon he preached at my Wife's Funeral) Mrs.* Dunton *was honoured by having a* " *Miniſter for her Father, as much as if he had been a LORD, tho' by the* " *Iniquity of the Times, and the Simplicity of unthoughtful People,* the " Character of a Miniſter is thought lower than many others; *and* " *were we more Great or Rich, we ſhould be more valu'd; but while we ſtink* " *in the Noſtrils of unſerious Perſons, we are unto God a ſweet ſmelling Sa-* " *vour. To be* the Ambaſſadors of Jeſus *is the matter of our Glory; and* " *if as ſuch we are deſpiſed, we'll pity our Deſpiſers, and wiſh them* more " Grace and Wit. *I reckon it amongſt the Felicities of my Life, to have been* " *a Prophet's Son, nor would I leave* a Pulpit *for a Throne: We reckon our*

" *ſelves*

" *ſelves as honourable in our* Cloaks *as others do in their* furr'd Gowns, *or*
" *in the* long Robe. *Happy was Mrs.* Dunton *in having* a Miniſter,
" *and ſuch a Miniſter to her Father, and happy he in having ſuch* a Daugh-
" ter, *who* (*as he uſed to ſay*) never diſpleaſed him in all his
" Life."

Again, my Honoured Bretheren and Friends, *we ſhall do well to conſider*, (*but more eſpecially you that have the Honour of being choſen* Stewards of the next Meeting of *Clergymen's Sons*) *that we claim a nearer Relation to the Church than others, and ſolemnly call our ſelves* The Sons of the Church of *England: And therefore we ought, above all Men, not only to be* ſtedfaſt to her Communion, *but to do every thing that tends to the Honour and Eſtabliſhent of it*; *'tis plain, nothing can more conduce hereunto, than the* good Works, and Charity, and Love, and Innocence *of thoſe that enter into her Gates: And accordingly let this be our Way of ſtanding up in her Defence*; *and let us plead for our Communion by* the Goodneſs of our Lives, and the Tenderneſs of our Hearts, *and by walking ſuitably to the Scriptures which we have had an early Acquaintance with*; *for ill Examples have a malignant Influence, and ſcatter Infection far and wide, will give Authority to Vice, and furniſh it with* Excuſe and Apology. *If the Salt of the Earth loſe its Savour, rottenneſs and putrefaction will cover the Face of it. Two Things make Wickedneſs bold and daring, and overflow beyond all meaſure, when 'tis either eſtabliſhed by a Law, or encouraged by* leading Examples, (*for ſuch are all* Clergymen's Sons *on the Accouut of their* Honourable Birth.) *'Tis obſervable all along, that the greateſt Symptoms of decaying Piety, were legible in the vicious Lives of a depraved Clergy or their* Wicked Children. *And the beſt Prognoſticks of the* Future Growth of Religion *is, when it not only tipps the Tongues, but lives in the Hearts, adorns the Converſations, and regulates all the Actions of* Clergymen, *or ſuch as have the Honour to Deſcend from them. And* (my Dear Brethren) *if you'd be thus religious throughout your whole Converſation:*

Remember to keep holy the Sabboth Day, *according to the Commandment, which is* the Girdle of all the Commands *Strengthning, and holding them together, without which* (*like* weak and loſe Things) *they will fall one from another, and dwindle into nothing*; *hence it is ſeen by undeniable Experience, that People making* no Conſcience of this Obligation, *make Conſcience of no other Duty*; *but are only* Profeſſors at large, *and little acquainted with* the Power of Godlineſs, (*as I proved in my Eſſay intitled*, Every Man his own Parſon) *whereas on the contrary, be it ſpoken to the Praiſe of ſuch* Pious Examples, *I never knew yet a* Clergyman's Son, *if he was ſtrict in keeping the* Lord's Day, *but he was equally ſtrickt in the whole Courſe of his Life*; *therefore it was worthily ſaid by that* Prophet *and* Biſhop, *the moſt Learned* USHER. " *Keep the Fourth Commandement,*
" *and keep every Command, but keep not that, and keep never a one.*"
In keeping this Command, we revive the MEMORIAL of God upon our Souls, which otherwiſe would be buried, and loſt in the Rubbiſh and Duſt of our Worldly Encumbrances; then we aſcend out of the lower Valley, and converſe with God in the *Holy Mount*; who meets his *Pious Votaries*, and bleſſeth them Richly in Heavenly Places in *Jeſus Chriſt*, Remunerating their *Zeal* with Viſion and Fruition, with Unc-

tion

tion and Glory; St. JOHN *was raviſhed in Spirit* on the Lord's Day and ſeveral beſides him have been ſo Tranſported in the ſame Bleſſed Seaſon, ſenſibly feeling and foretaſting the *Cæleſtial Joys* of the Eternal Sabbath; and therefore (*my Honoured Brethren*) 'tis a great Encouragement for us that are *Clergyman's Sons* to follow our *Reverend Father's Holy Examples* in ſtrictly Obſerving the *Lord's Day*, as we may by this happy *Union* of *Purity* both in *Words* and *Practice*, be Inſtruments of begetting ſuch *a quick and lively Senſe of Religion* in the Hearts of *Laymen's Children*, ſuch *a ſerious and ſober Practice of it* in their Lives, ſuch a Zeal in them to tranſmit it down to their Poſterity, that the Places we live in may be the better for us *to the Word's End*; but (my *Honoured Brethren*) I forbear to enlarge; for as I do not ſuſpect your PIETY in Devoutly Worſhipping of God every *Sunday*, (either in *a Church* or *a Meeting-Houſe*) ſo I would be loth to diſoblige you with *Prolixity*.

Gentlemen, for my further thoughts of the *Parſons Sons*, I refer you to the *Congratulory Poem* that was writ in the Year 1682. and publiſh'd that Day I made one of your Number at the *Anniverſary Meeting of the Sons of the Clergy*, in the Church of St. *Mary le-Bow*, being *Thurſday*, *December* the 7th, 1682.

I conclude with all *due Reſpect* to your Perſons, and hearty Prayers to Almighty God, that your next friendly Meeting, both at *Bow-Church*, and at the *Annual Feaſt*, may be attended with a Bleſſing to your ſelves, and thoſe diſtreſſed Widows and Orphans you ſo *bountifully relieve*, for that I am, (having the *Honour* to be one of your Number for three Generations, or more)

GENTLEMEN,

Your moſt Humble Servant,

Affectionate Brother,

And hearty Friend,

JOHN DUNTON

The Parſon's Son: *Or, a* Congratulatory Poem *to the* Miniſters Children, *on their* Annual Feaſt.

I.

THE *SONS OF LEVI* are no ſooner come*,
But *GAD* † cries out, *Pray, good Sir, make us Room,*
May none but *Scholars* wait on PARSONS SONS?
We never ſaw ſuch Men! ſo juſtly priz'd!
Sure *Parſons Sons* are Mortals Angeliz'd!

II.

What *Grace* and *Science* ſhines in ev'ry Face!
Cry'd *GAD*, who thought 'twas HONOUR but to gaze,
Their very Looks proclaim their Sacred Race!
Let's WONDER, and away——— Fools were we when
We thought that *Parſons Children* had been Men.

III.

The *Mob* (or *Tribe* of *Gad*) ſtill wond'ring cry'd,
Oh Education! ——— had we been ally'd
To Parſons too, *how bleſs'd had been our Fate!*
Such POLISHING had made us truly Great.

IV.

All *Parſons Sons* deſcend from Sacred Race,
And *Biſhops Sons* have ſuch a ſhining Place,
They're Sons of LORDS, and ſome are Sons of GRACE ‡.
One of the nobleſt of the ſacred Gown (*)
Deſcends from *LEVI*, is a *Parſon's Son.*

V.

The *Parſons Sons* are Heaven's peculiar Care,
And for our *Biſhops* they were MITRED there.

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* *To* Bow-Church, *where they firſt meet to hear a Sermon, and then go in Proceſſion to* Merchant-Taylors-Hall; *where all the* Clergymen's Sons *that had purchas'd Tickets, are treated with a ſplendid Dinner.*

† *The Sons of* Laymen.

‡ *The Title given to an Arch-biſhop.*

(*) *Dr.* Teniſon, *the preſent Arch-biſhop of* Canterbury.

I mean ſuch who now fill the *Engliſh Sees*,
Who are *truly Pious, Learned, Grave, and Wiſe*;
FATHERS IN GOD——and none can higher riſe.

VI.

Prelates, tho' made ſtill by the *Sovereign's Choice*,
Seem recommended by the People's Voice;
Religious Lives ſucceſsfully they teach,
By giving *Patterns* of the Lives they Preach.

VII.

How great's the *Honour* to deſcend from theſe
(Or any PARSON, tho' of low'r Degrees)
That feed their Flocks, and GUARD their Conſciences?
Nay, ſhou'd the *Romiſh* Wolves again purſue,
Theſe wou'd (with *LONDON*) put on Jack-Boots too. ‡

VIII.

Then never fear *the Church's Danger here*,
" When *Reverend Fathers* can in Arms appear,
" And Men of God become the Men of War.
No PARSON's SON (if not o'th *Popiſh* Brood)
But wou'd defend his King thro' Seas of Blood.

IX.

If 'tis thus GREAT to be a *Parſon's Son*,
Receive a bold *unbidden Gueſt*, among
The leaſt, and worſt of all your Nobler Throng,
Who for Admittance only dares to ſue,
Becauſe kind Fate has made him *one of you*.

X.

When that *wiſe King*, whoſe young but mighty Hand,
Bore the vaſt Sceptre of the Sacred Land,
When him and all his Glories *Time ſhall ruſt*,
Then you ſhall be obſcur'd with *common Duſt*.

XI.

In vain the trembling *Atheiſt* would dethrone
That Power, which for his Life he dares not own;
Whilſt grateful Heaven *its Servants here does Grace*
With ſuch a worthy, ſuch *a generous Race*.

‡ *Alluding to Dr.* Compton *Biſhop of* London, *that Commanded a* Troop of Horſe *at the Glorious Revolution in* 1688.

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XII.

In vain on *Inſpiration* t'other doats,
And human Learning but a *need-not* votes;
Whilſt he *the Prophet's Sons* ſo far may find
Beyond the uſual Stamp of human Kind.

XIII.

More madly *Rome* grants to the Sacred Life
Dozens of Whores, but not one ſingle Wife:
Since from the *holy Matrimonial Flame*
Of Prieſts, *ſo great, ſo brave an Army came.*

XIV.

The PARSON's SON is ever nobly bred,
And teaches MANNERS to the *Tribe of Gad*,
(He that can bounce, and yet is ſcarcely fed.)
Or if the FOP thinks he's moſt *Wit and Senſe*,
'Tis not his *Manners*, but his IMPUDENCE.

XV.

All here look pure like Truth, like Virtue fair,
And all breath ſomething more than common Air!
Envy look round, and when thy Blood-ſhot Eye
Can find *no Spot*, Envy look round and die.

XVI.

But as for— YOU— let Plenty, Pleaſure bring,
And Veil you ſafe beneath her gentle Wing,
Till from *long happy Ages* you remove,
And all your *bright Fore-fathers* meet above.

ESSAY III.

Upon this Moment depends Eternity, or DUNTON's *ſerious Thoughts upon the Preſent and Future State, in a Fit of Sickneſs that was judged Mortal—To which is added—ſome nice Speculations upon the Nature of the Soul, as at preſent dwelling in, and united to the Body, and as after Death, converſing in the World of Spirits.*

For our light Affliction, which is but for a Moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding, and eternal weight of Glory.

While we look not at the Things which are ſeen, but at the Things which are not ſeen; for the Things which are ſeen are Temporal, but the Things which are not ſeen are Eternal, 2. Cor. 4. 17, 18.

Riſe VINCENT *Riſe! for upon this* MOMENT *depends* ETERNITY—*An Expreſſion frequently uſed to Mr.* NATHANIEL VINCENT, *by his Tutour, whilſt he was a Student in the* Univerſity; *and is a* MOTTO *engraved upon ſeveral Dials and Churches.*

Ampliat ætatis Spatium ſibi Vir bonus, hoc eſt
Vivere bis, Vitâ Poſſe prioee frui——MART.

A good Man doth in the beſt Manner lengthen out his Life. He doth as it were live Twice, that enjoys the Comfort of a well ſpent Life.

READER—the better to excite and prepare you for *Holy Living and Dying*, in my *firſt Eſſay*, *I* preſented you with *an experimental Diſcourſe upon the Miſeries and Vanities of human Life*; and in my *ſecond Eſſay* (as *Every Man is or might be his own Parſon*) *I* Preached both to my ſelf and you; and in this *third Eſſay* (that my *New Directory* may excite every Man to live *every Day as if it were his laſt*) *I* ſhall prove, *upon this Moment depends Eternity* (*in ſome ſerious Thoughts upon the Preſent and Future State in a Fit of Sickneſs that was judged Mortal*—)To which *I* ſhall add, *ſeveral Nice Speculations upon the Nature of the Soul, as at preſent dwelling in, and united to the Body, and as after Death converſing in the World of Spirits.*

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There is nothing which frights Men more than the Thoughts of *Death*, nor is there a greater Comfort on this ſide *the Grave* than *a continual Remembrance of our latter End.* It turns the Eyes from *deluding Objects*, it ſhuts the Ears to all that is ill, it reſtrains the Tongue, and keeps it within the Bounds of *Juſtice, Charity and Truth* it binds the *Hands* from evil *Actions*; and is that Light unto the *Feet*, which directs 'em from the Broad Tracts of *Vice*, to the Solitary Paths of *Peace*, and the unfrequented Ways of *Virtue*; for in the Happy Remembrance of our *Latter End*, we ſeldom or never do amiſs: Yet many there are, that defer even *Repentance* it ſelf, to keep clear of the *very Thoughts of Death* (for they would not ſeem to be in the Way to the *Grave* before their *Real Journey* thither,) tho' they know,

The Decree is out—*All muſt Die.*— Death reign'd from *Adam* to *Moſes*; and tho' Death ſhall not reign, yet it ſhall live, fight, and prevail, from *Moſes* to the End of the World; for then, and not till then, ſhall be brought to paſs that Saying that is written—*Death is ſwallowed up in Victory.*

One Reaſon of this *dying* is, God will have our Bodies to be *new caſt*, and come out beautiful and bright: But, tho' there is nothing more certain than we muſt *all die*, yet nothing is more uncertain than *the Time when*, or in what Manner we ſhall leave this World; for ſome die a *lingring Death*, and ſome like (Dr. *Howe*) *die ſuddenly.* Then en't it a Matter of Wonder Men ſhould always *Coaſt on the Borders of Futurity*, and lay in ſuch ſlender Proviſions for it? Could we ſee the Dangers that beſiege our Lives, they'd terrify us from Security, and bring *Death and Eternity in our View.* The Sinner lives not a *Moment* but 'tis attended with the Jeopardy of the Grave and Hell; and tho' he may ſport with the *Terrors and Torments of the Damn'd* at a Diſtance, yet when Death levels at him, and the Period of his Days is come, he'll then be fill'd with *fruitleſs Wiſhes*, that he might live over his Life again, and prevent the Ruin that's now imminent and unavoidable: This muſt of Neceſſity be the Caſe at laſt of the moſt daring *Impenitent.* Could the Lethargick World but doubt the Univerſality of Death, and whether Mortality was entailed on all Men; could the *Juſtice of God* (for *I* challenge a Man to prove himſelf an *Atheiſt* to his own Breaſt) and the laſt Sentence at his Bir be once debated, ſome Colour, *I* confeſs, and Pretence, might be produc'd, why *Repentance* is defer'd: But alas! Theſe are impoſſible Suppoſitions; a Man might as well *diſpute himſelf out of Being*, or into a State of *Independency*, as free himſelf from the *Chain of Mortality*, or get looſe from his Obligations to *future Judgment*: Was the Length of Life of ſome conſiderable Continuance, and a *Thouſand Years* the ſhorteſt Period, then indeed 'twould be no ſuch Miracle to ſee a Man laviſh away *a Hundred* or more, tho' the Folly would be almoſt infinite in that Caſe; but to ſee a Man that's *uncertain of an Hour*, live as tho' he had made an Agreement with the Grave, and had *Thouſands of Years* on his Hands; this is ſuch a bold Degree of *Madneſs*, that it can't meet a Parallel, either in Nature or Fancy.

Were Men practically convinc'd, that there are but *Two States* that expect 'em after Death, and that *Eternity* is the Length and Meaſure of thoſe States, 'twould raiſe their Apprehenſions, and make em fearful, leſt

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their Days ſhould determine before they've ſufficiently ſecur'd their Happineſs. *The Life of Man* is at beſt, only a dim and precarious Lamp, 'tis expos'd to a *Thouſand Accidents* from abroad, and as many Diſorders from within. *Death* lies in Ambuſh in every Vein, in every Member, and none know when it may aſſault them: It doth not always warn before it ſtrikes. *If ſome Diſeaſes are Chronical, others are acute* and leſs lingring, and ſome are as quick as Lightning, kill in an Inſtant. Men may be well in one Moment, and like (Dr. *Howe*) dead the next. How many are taken away, not only in the *Midſt of their Days, but in the Midſt of their Sins*? In ſuch Caſes what Place, what Time for Repentance, for ſeeking it, for uſing Means to attain it, when they have not Room for *ſo much as a Thought of it*? Deaths are often ſudden and ſurprizing, and ſcarce leave a Man *the Time to breath out his laſt Prayer*; and ſeeing there's a World of Certainty depending on the Uncertainty of Life and our Management while it laſts; the Preparations we make for our Remove can't be too early, for we have *a long Race to run by a ſhort Breath*; *a great Way to go by a ſetting Sun*, if ever we get to Heaven; and therefore DEATH, with its CONSEQUENCES (which are all handled in this *Third Eſſay*) are as fit a Subject for the Contemplation of a *wiſe Man* as any in Nature, ſince upon the Manner of this depends his *Eternal Happineſs* or *Ruin*.

Now the only Way to Happineſs is a good Life; and conſequently all Wiſdom being in order to Happineſs, that's the only Wiſdom that ſerves to the Promoting of a *good Life*, according to that of *Job*, *And to Man he ſaid, behold the Fear of the Lord, that is Wiſdom, and to depart from Evil, is Underſtanding*. That therefore is the moſt compendious Way of making a Man *Wiſe*, that ſooneſt makes him *Good*, and reduces his Mind to a *Moral* Regularity. And nothing does this *ſo ſoon* and *ſo well*, as the *ſerious and habitual Conſideration of Death*. And therefore ſays the Wiſe Man, *Remember Death and Corruption, and keep the Commandments*; the ſhorteſt Compendium of *Holy Living and Dying* that ever was given; as if he had ſaid, *many are the Precepts and Admonitions left us* by wiſe and good Men for the moral Conduct of Life; but would you have a ſhort and infallible *Directory of Living and Dying well*? Why remember *Death and Corruption*? Do but remember this, and forget all other Rules if you will, and your Duty if you can.

And what is here remarked by *one wiſe Man*, is conſented to by all; hence thoſe common Practices among the *Ancients* of placing SEPULCHRES in their Gardens, and of uſing that Celebrated Motto—— MEMENTO MORI; hence alſo that Modern, as well as Ancient Cuſtom, of putting *Emblems* of Mortality in Churches, and other Publick Places, by all which 'tis implied that the *Conſideration of Death*, is the greateſt Security of a *good Life*; as indeed it muſt be upon this general Ground, becauſe it does that at a *Blow*, which other Conſiderations do by *Parts*, and gives an entire Defeat to the *three great Enemies of our Salvation* at once. It ſets us about the *Temptations of the World the Fleſh and the Devil*. For how can the World captivate him, who conſiders he is but a Stranger in it, and that he muſt ſhortly leave it! How can the Fleſh inſnare him who has a Sepulchre always in his Eye, and reflects upon the cold Lodging he ſhall have there! And how

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can the Devil prevail upon him, who remembers always he muſt Dye; and then enter upon an *Unchangeable State of Happineſs or Miſery*, according as he has either *reſiſted* or *yielded* to his Temptations! Of ſo vaſt Conſequence is the conſtant thinking upon Death above all other things that fall within the Compaſs even of uſeful aud practical Meditation; and ſo great Reaſon had *Moſes* for placing the *Wiſdom of Man in the Conſideration of his latter end*—And yet,

The *Hoary Fool*, who many Days
Has ſtrugled with continu'd Sorrow,
Renews his Hopes, and blindly lays
The *Deſp'rate Bet* upon *to-morrow*.
To morrow comes, 'tis *Noon*, 'tis *Night*,
This Day like all the former fled;
Yet on he runs to ſeek Delight
To-morrow, 'till *To-night* he's dead.

LEARN.

The Bounds of Good and Evil to diſcern,
Unhappy he who does this Work adjourn;
And till *To-morrow* would the Search delay,
His *lazy Morrow* will be like *To-day*.
Yeſterday was once *To-morrow*,
That *Yeſterday* is gone, and nothing gain'd,
And all thy Fruitleſs Days will be thus drain'd;
For thou haſt more *To-morrow's* yet to ask,
And will be ever to begin thy Task;
Thou like the *hindmoſt Chariot Wheels* art Curſt
Still to be near, but ne'er to reach the firſt.
Our *Yeſterday's To-morrow* now is gone,
And ſtill a new *To-morrow* does come on;
We by *To-morrow's* draw up all our Store
'Till the *exhauſted Well* can yield no more.
To morrow I will live the Fool does ſay
To-day it ſelf's too late, the wiſe liv'd *Yeſterday*,
Life for delays, and doubts no time does give,
None ever yet made *too much haſte to live*.

Then ſeek not to know *To-morrow's Doom*,
That is not ours which is to come,
The *Preſent Moment's* all our Store,
The next ſhould Heaven allow
Then this will be no more;
So all our Life is but one *Inſtant now*;
Then Happy the Man, and Happy he alone,
Who can call *To-day* his own!
He who ſecure within can ſay,
To-morrow, do thy worſt, *for I have liv'd To-day*.

And

And therefore *as upon this Moment depends Eternity*, we ought ſeriouſly to conſider, that *as our Time is ſhort and uncertain*, ſo there be *many Things that corrode and waſt that ſhort Time*; ſo that we have but little left for the Service of God.

Let us take but out of our *longeſt Lives* the Weakneſs and Folly of *Childhood* and *Youth*, the Impediments of *old Age*, the Time of *Eating, Drinking and Sleeping*, tho' with Moderation, the Times of *Sickneſs*, the Times of *Cares, Journeys, neceſſary Recreations, viſiting Friends and Relations, following our lawful Trades, and a thouſand ſuch Expences of Time*, which cannot be avoided in this Life, which put together, their remains but a *Moment to fit our Souls for Heaven.* For,

Threeſcore and Ten *the Age and Life of Man* (a)
In Holy David's *Eyes ſeem'd but a Span,*
Yet half that Time is loſt and ſpent in Sleep;
So only Thirty five *for Uſe we keep.*
Our Days of Youth muſt be abated all,
Childhood *and* Youth, *wiſe* Solomon *doth call*
But Vanity, *meer* Vanity, *he ſays,*
Is what befalls us in our Childiſh *Days.*
Our Days of Age *we take no Pleaſure in*
Our Days of Grief, *we wiſh had never been,*
So Time deducted, Youth *and* Age *and* Sorrow,
Only a SPAN is all the Time we borrow.

And upon the Management and Diſpoſal of our *ſhort uncertain Time, depends the everlaſting concernment of our Souls.* If it be redeemed, improved and imployed as it ought to be, we ſhall in *the next Moment after Death*, enter into an immutable, eternal, and perfect ſtate of Glory; if it be either *ſinfully or idly ſpent*, we fall into *an everlaſting, irrecoverable and unchangeable ſtate of Miſery.*

All the Days of my appointed Time (ſays Holy JOB) *will I wait till my Change come* which ſpeaketh his careful Preparation. In Order to it, *I will wait*, is as much as I will get me ready for it: And is there not need when it is *above the reach of Words how much dependeth upon it?* What Tragick Shrieks, what fearful Cries have ſome *awakened Conſciences* ſent out when they found themſelves ſurprized by Death? *O that I might live*, ſaid a great Man of this Kingdom (when his Phyſician had given him over) *O that I might live, if it were but in a loathſome Dungeon! O that I might live, if it were but the Life of a Toad, that I might have a Space for my Repentance!* *Inducias domine uſque ad mane*, ſaid the young Man in St. *Gregory, Lord ſpare me! but a little, little while, but while to-morrow Morning*; *but while I ſay my Prayers once more!* and ſo expired in Horrors. Death will not wait for us, though we are unprepared how doth it behove us then to wait, and prepare for that; St. *Auſtin* "*Profeſſeth*, he would not be an *Atheiſt* one Quarter of an Hour for "a World; becauſe he did not know, but in that Time, God might "cut aſunder his *Thread of Life*, and ſo let him drop into Hell.

(a) *Pſalm* 39. *v.* 5.

Then, *Reader, ſeriouſly conſider,* that *on this Moment dependeth Eternity,* God hangeth *heavy Weights on weak Wyres*; and how dolefully have many complained, and mournfully lamented, their loſs of Time, when it hath been too late. That Story of *a great Lady* of our Land, which ſeveral ſpeak of, may awaken ſecure ones, when on her *Death bed* ſhe dreadfully ſcreeched out, *a Word of Wealth for an Inch of Time.* And I have read of *Chryſorius*, a Man as full of *Wickedneſs* as of *Wealth*; when he cometh to Die, cryeth out (like the young Man mentioned before) *Inducias uſq; ad mane Domine*, "Truce, Lord, but 'till Morning, "Truce, Lord, but till Morning; and with theſe Words he breathed "out his laſt," *Alterius perditio, tua ſit cautio*, Let that which was *a Murdering Piece* to others, be *a Warning Piece* to thee.

Profane Mortals! Do but think, ſhould God permit a *Damned Sinner* that is now in Hell, to come and ſit but one *Hour amongſt you*, under the Goſpel of the Kingdom of Heaven, how highly would he prize this *preſent Opportunity*; how greedily would he embrace *every Tender of Mercy*; how eagerly would he catch at *every Word of Comfort*; how heartly would he *cloſe with Chriſt upon the hardeſt Terms?* I am perſwaded ye ſhould behold him with ſuch *Streams of Tears* watering his Cheeks, as if he were diſſolved into *a Fountain.* And will ye trifle away ſuch *Golden Seaſons*, and waſt ſuch precious Advantages, which others would purchaſe *with Worlds*, if they had them to give; nay, which you your ſelves would redeem hereafter with your *Hearts Blood*, but ſhall not be able. *O! therefore now prize Time, before you come to enter upon Eternity*; for my own Part, if I had the *Tongue*, the *Underſtanding*, the *Affections* of an Angel, I would willingly improve them to the utmoſt, and ſcrue them up to *the higheſt Pitch* in exhorting you to this weighty and neceſſary Work (I call it ſo, as your *Eternity* of Joy or Sorrow dependeth on your *Well-doing.*)

Reader, I preſs this needful Duty of redeeming Time the more upon you, as it has been my Obſervation many Years (but more eſpecially *in my late Sickneſs that was judged Mortal*) that even *True Believers are weak in Faith*; for alas! how far do we all fall ſhort of the *Love*, and *Zeal*, and *Care*, and *Diligence*, which we ſhould have, if we had but once *beheld the Things which we do believe?* Alas! how dead are our *Affections?* How flat are our *Duties?* And how unprofitable are our *Lives*, in Compariſon of what *one Hour's Sight of Heaven and Hell*, would make them be? O what a *comfortable Converſe* would it be, if I might but join in *Prayer*, *Praiſe*, and *Holy Conference*, one Day or Hour, with a Perſon that had ſeen the Lord, and been in Heaven, and born a Part in the *Angelical Praiſes!* Were our Families bleſſed with ſuch Perſons, what manner of Worſhip would they perform to God? How unlike would their *Heavenly Raviſhing Expreſſions* be to our *preſent, ſleepy, heartleſs Duties? Reader*, were *Heaven* open to thy View, while I am ſpeaking to you, or when we are ſpeaking in Prayer and Praiſe to God, imagine your ſelf; what a Change it would make upon *the beſt of us in our Service!* What *Apprehenſions*, what *Affections*, what *Reſolutions* it would raiſe! and what a *Poſture* it would caſt us all into! And do we not all profeſs to believe theſe Things *as revealed from Heaven* by the infallible God? Do we not ſay, that ſuch *a Divine Revelation* is as ſure

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as if the Things were in themselves *laid open to our Sight?* Why then are we no more affected with them; and why do they no more stir up our Faculties to the most vigorous and lively Exercise? For tho' I know that the most perfect Faith, is not apt to raise such *high Affections* in Degree as shall be raised by the *Beatifical Vision* in the Glorified, and as present intuition now would raise if we could attain it; yet seeing *Faith* hath as sure an *Object* and *Revelation* as SIGHT it self, tho' the *Manner of Apprehension* be less affecting, it should do much more with us than it doth, and bring us nearer to *such Affections and Resolutions*, as Sight would cause.

Then *(Reader)* let us now be in earnest for Heaven, *i. e. let us live every Day as if it were our last*, for (as *upon this Moment depends Eternity)* to die an Enemy to God, will not only make DEATH dreadful, but our *Souls Eternally Miserable, Oh Melancholy Moment!* that ends the Pleasure of Time, and begins the Pains of ETERNITY.

Reader, What is it which we would wish we had done, when we are at the Point of Death? Let us do now that which we then *shall wish we had done*; we have no Time to lose; *every Moment* may be the last of our Life. The longer we have lived, the nearer are we to our Grave; the more we have defer'd and put off Death, the nearer it approaches.

What Opinion shall I then have of Worldly Things, when I am just going to quit 'em? Let us, in the midst of Life, take Council of Death; it is a faithful Councellor and will not deceive us. How will this *Gold*, this *Pleasure*, this *Beauty* look? What shall we think of 'em at the Hour of Death? In life shews and appearances of things, deceive us, in Death, we see 'em just as they are. The Living Man prizes the World; the Dying Man contemns it: Whom shall we believe the Living or the Dying Man? Ah! what a Trifle will the World appear to us by the Light of that Torch, that will conduct us to the Bed of Death! But alas! there will be no longer Time to deceive our selves.

When we Dye, our Everlasting State is to be determined! after Death the Judgment. The Moment of our Departure hence, will pass us over to the Righteous Tribunal of God. It will either fix us in a joyful Paradise, or in an intolerable State of Woe. So that we may say with *Nieremberg*, How many Things are to pass in that Moment? In the same is our Life to finish, our Works to be examined, and we are then to know how it will go with us for ever: In that Moment I shall cease to live; in that Moment I shall behold my Judge; in that Moment I must answer for all my publick and my secret Actions, for all that I have ever *Thought, or Spoke, or Done*; for all the Talents, the Time, the Mercies, the Health, the Strength, the Opportunities, and the Seasons, and Days of Grace that I have ever had, for all the Evil that I might have avoided, for all the Good I might have done, and did not; and all this before that Judge, who has beheld my Ways, *from my Birth to the Grave*; before that Judge, who cannot be deciv'd, and who will not be impos'd upon. Little can he, that has not been brought near to Death and Judgment, know what Thoughts the Diseased have *when they think they shall die* (as was my Case in *a late Sickness that was*

judged Mortal) Little, very little does *a Soul in Fleſh* know what it is to appear before *the Great God.* This is ſo great and ſo ſtrange a Thing that they only know it who have received their *final Sentence,* but they are not ſuffer'd to return to tell us how it is, or what paſſes then; and God ſees it fit it ſhould be conceal'd from us *who are yet on this Side the Grave*; but who does not Tremble to think on this mighty Change, and of this Moment that is the laſt of TIME, and the beginning of ETERNITY; that includes *Heaven* and *Hell*, and all the Effects of the *Mercy* and *Juſtice* of God; then e'nt it ſtrange that when ſome or other whom we know, are almoſt every Week going to ſuch a Place and State as this, that we who are not *yet to cited the Bar* are no more concerned, and uſe no more Endeavours to be ready for *that laſt Moment of our Lives, on which depends an Eternity of Happineſs or Miſery.*

Oh! my Friends when you come to *the Borders of the Grave,* when you are within *an Hour or Two's* Diſtance from your *Final Judgment,* and your unalterable State; what a mighty Change will it cauſe in your Thoughts and Apprehenſions, as it did in mine, when I was ſeized with a dangerous Diſeaſe in *Ireland* in the Year *Ninety Eight?*

It is a great Mercy, and greatly to be acknowledged, that God allows us ſo much Time wherein to prepare our ſelves for this *Final and Irrevocable Doom*; it is an Inſtance of his *Patience* that is truly Divine, that notwithſtanding our many repeated Sins he has not cut us off; it is his great Mercy that gives us leave to appear in his Courts, before we appear at his *Tribunal*, and that he affords us ſuch large Notice and Warning, that ſo we may be ready for our laſt Moment and Tryal, whereon an Eternity depends.

Then *Reader*, think upon that Thing which you wou'd moſt *Fear*, if you were to die this Inſtant; and with ſpeed take care to ſecure your ſelf againſt that. Accuſtom your ſelf to do every Action of the Day as if you were to die juſt after you have done it.

Chriſtiano Craſtinum non eſt. (*ſays* Tertullian)
The Chriſtian lives to day, as if he ſhould never ſee to-morrow.

And therefore (Reader) that you may make that good Uſe of your Time for the End it was given you:

(1.) *Of all Books* ſtudy the *Bible.*
(2.) *Of all Duties,* be much in *Prayer.*
(3.) *Of all Graces,* exerciſe *Faith.*
(4.) *Of all Days,* obſerve the *Lord's Day.*

And laſtly (above all Things in Heaven and Earth) *get an Intereſt in Jeſus Chriſt.*

Reader, having fully proved that —*upon this Moment of Time depends Eternity*—(in ſome ſerious Thoughts upon the preſent and future State in a Fit of Sickneſs that was judged Mortal) I ſhall now conclude this *Third Eſſay* with *ſeveral nice Speculations upon the Nature of the Soul as at preſent dwelling in, and united to the Body, and as after Death converſing in the World of Spirits.*

Death, ſaith *Lactantius*, doth not put an end to the Life of Man, but rather openeth him away to receive *the Recompence of his well Deſervings*; for tho' the Body be returned unto the Earth out of which it was taken, and that there were no *Reſurrection* to be looked for, for it, yet in the better part the Soul he is Incorruptible and Immortal;

not ſubject to the Stroke of Death, or to be made *a Prey unto Worms and Rottenneſs*; and of this we have a Proof in St. *Luke*'s Goſpel, where 'tis ſaid, *The Soul of* Lazarus *is carried into* Abraham's *Boſom* as ſoon as it had left his Body; ſo that the Wonder is the greater that *Paul* the *Third*, a Chriſtian and a Chriſtian Prelate, and one of the Pope's of *Rome* ſhould make doubt hereof, as he certainly did; for this *Infallible Gentleman* lying on his Death bed, ſaid to the ſtanders by; '*That he* '*ſhould ſhortly be aſſured of three Particulars of which he had not been reſol-* '*ved all the Time of his Life, that is to ſay,* Whether there were a God? 'Such a Place as Hell? Or that the Souls of Men were Immortal or not? '*A Speech which (ſaith* Heilyn) *hath ſo much of the* Atheiſt *in it, that Chriſtian* '*Charity forbids me to give Credit to it, tho' poſſibly his Courſe of Life (Like* '*the Immoral Lives of many of the High flying Clergy) might give Occa-* '*ſion to the World to report ſo of him.—But that the Souls of Men do not die with their Bodies, or ſleep until the Reſurrection, is ſo clear from the Scripture, as that it is to be wondred at, that any who call themſelves Chriſtians ſhould deny is, or doubt of it; yet ſuch there have been, of whoſe Opinion the Great* Calvin *has written a Judicious Confutation. It was a good Reflection of the Emperor* Frederick III. *Who when ſome told him of a very vicious Man that had lived in great Proſperity for the Space of ninety three Years, never in all that time meeting with any conſiderable Affliction, replied,* By that we may conclude that Divines tell us Truth, when they ſay that there is another World beſides this which we live in. *And the Truth is, that they who think otherwiſe are blinder than* Pagans, *who obſerving that ſuch as they eſteemed virtuous Perſons, endured greater Miſeries in this Life than many who were extreamly Wicked; did from thence conclude that the Souls of Men are Immortal, and that at the Hour of Death ſome go to a better, and others to a worſe World then this, wherein Mortals live; yea, the very* Indians *themſelves are not without Sentiments of it.*

It has been queſtioned, Whether Souls ſeparated from their Bodies may converſe with Men on the Earth. *Some Paſſages in the Scripture give us to underſtand that the* Jews, *ſome of them had odd Conceptions about the State of the Dead and of ſeparated Souls,* Mat. 14. 2. & 16. 14. *It is certain that they cannot ordinarily appear; there is a Gulph fixed which they cannot paſs,* Luke 16. 26. *We are aſſured by the Evangeliſts, that not only Angels, but* Moſes *and* Elijah *after they had been many Ages in Heaven, were ſent down to the Earth to wait on our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, and ſpeak with him about his Death at* Jeruſalem, Luke 9. 31. *The like to this was never known; nevertheleſs, we may not limit the Lord, nor determine what he may for ſpecial Reaſons ſometimes order to be done. Writers ſpeak much of Apparitions of dead Perſons, and more than Judicious Readers will give Credit unto; but we ſhall not do wiſely to run into the other Extream. Our* Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtorians *tell us, that* Iræne *the Daughter of* Spiridian, *a Biſhop in* Cyprus, *having had ſome Things which were of value committed to her Truſt, to ſecure them, ſhe hid them under ground; but dying ſuddenly, had not diſcovered where they were. The Owner demanded them of her Father, who was like to be brought into Trouble about it; but his dead Daughter appeared to him, and revealed where thoſe Jewels were hid, and then vaniſhed. That in theſe latter Ages the Spirits of dead Perſons or of* Dæmons, *pretending to be ſuch, have appeared to ſeveral, cannot be*

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denied, One of the Kings of Scotland *was terrified with the Vision of one appearing to him, and saying,* Becauſe to pleaſe thee I have ſinned againſt my Conſcience, I am adjudged to the Torments of Hell; *he ſent the next Day to make Enquiry, and underſtood that the Man that appeared to him was Dead. Sir* George Viliers, *(the Duke of* Buckingham's *Father) appeared to a ſpecial Friend of his, whoſe Name was* Parker, *deſiring him to acquaint his Son with the Danger he was in, and revealed ſome Secrets to him, known to no Perſons in the World, but to himſelf and Son This was believ'd at Court, where they are not wont to give much Credit to Things of this Nature. The late Earl of* Clarendon *has given ſome Account of it. I have elſewhere related how Major* Sedenham, *ſix Weeks after he was dead, appeared to Capt.* Dyke. *(they had both of them been* Sadduces, *not believing the Immortality of their own Souls) with ſuch Words as theſe,* I am ſent to tell you, that there is a God, and that he is a juſt and terrible God, and if you do not become a new Man, you will quickly find it ſo; *and then vaniſhed.* Dyke *was ſtruck with Terror, and reformed his Life, living two Years after this Apparition. Several late Writers tell us, that the Occaſion of the Renowned Dr.* Twiſs *his Converſion, was, that when he was a Youth at School, one of his Comerades, who had been a very Rakehell, died, and after his Death appeared to young* Twiſs *with theſe Words,* Will, I am damned; *this made him to have ſerious Thoughts of another World, and I think no Man can doubt* the Reality of a Future State *(or* an Eternity of Joy and Torment) *that conſiders.*

Glorious Things are ſpoken in Scripture concerning *the future Rewards of the Righteous*; and all the Words that are wont to ſignifie what is of greateſt Price and Value, or can repreſent the moſt *enraviſhing Objects of our Deſires* are made uſe of by the *Holy Ghoſt*, to recommend unto us this tranſcendant State of Bleſſedneſs: Such are theſe; *Rivers of Pleaſures, An incorruptible Crown, the Kingdom of Glory,* &c. and, after all that can be ſaid, we muſt Reſolve with the Apoſtle, *It does not yet appear what we ſhall be.*

At this diſtance we cannot make any likely Gueſſes or Conjectures at the *Glory of that future State.* Men make very imperfect Deſcriptions of *Countries and Cities,* that never were there themſelves, nor ſaw the Places with their own Eyes. It is not for any mortal Creature to make a Map of that *Canaan* that lies above: It is to all us that live here on the hither-ſide of *Death*, an unknown Country, and an undiſcover'd Land. It may be, ſome *Heavenly Pilgrim*, that with his holy Thoughts and ardent Deſires, *is continually travelling thitherward*, he arrives ſometimes near the Borders of the promiſed Land, and the Suburbs of the new *Jeruſalem*, and gets upon the Top of *Piſgah*, and there he has an *imperfect Proſpect of a brave Country*, that lies afar off; but he can't tell how to deſcribe it, and all that he hath to ſay to ſatisfie the *curious Enquirer*, is only this, if he would know *the Glories of it*, he muſt go and ſee it; indeed it requires ſome *Saint or Angel* from Heaven to diſcourſe upon this Subject; and yet that would not do neither: for tho' they might be able to ſpeak ſomething of it, yet we ſhould *Ears* to hear it. Neither can thoſe Things be declared but in the *Language of Heaven*, which would be little underſtood by us, the poor *Inhabitants of this lower World*; th.y are indeed Things too great to be

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brought within the Compass of Words. St. *Paul*, when he had been rapt up into the third Heaven, he saw ῥήματα ἄρρητα, things unlawful, or impossible to be uttered; and, *Eye hath not seen, nor Ear heard, nor can it enter into the Heart of Man to conceive, what God hath prepared for them that love him; and it does not yet appear what we shall be;* (a) *said that beloved Disciple, that lay in the Bosom of our Saviour.*

Reader, you will not now expect, that I should give you a Relation of that which cannot be uttered, nor so much *as conceived*; or declare unto you what our Eagle-sighted Evangelist tells us *does not yet appear*: But, that you may understand, that that which sets this state of Happiness so beyond the Reach of all Imagination, is only its *transcendent Excellency*; I shall tell you something of what does already appear of it, and may be known concerning it.

And first of all, we shall be sure to meet in the Cælestial Court with the best Company *that Heaven affords*: Good Company it is the great Pleasure of the Life of Man; and we shall then come *to the innumerable Company of Angels, and the general Assembly of the Church of the First-born, and to the Spirits of just Men made Perfect, and to* Jesus *the Mediator of the New Covenant.* The Oracle tells *Amelius*, enquiring what was become of *Polinus*'s Soul, that he was gone to *Pythagoras*, and *Socrates*, and *Plato*, and as many as had born a Part in the Quire of Heavenly Love; and I may say to every good Man, that he shall go to the Company of *Abraham*, *Isaac*, and *Jacob*; *Moses*, *David*, and *Samuel*; all the Prophets and Apostles, and all the holy Men of God that have been in all the Ages of the World. *All those brave and excellent Persons* that have been scattered at the greatest Distance of Time and Place, and in their several Generations have been *the Salt of the Earth* to preserve Mankind from utter Degeneracy and Corruption; These shall be all gathered together, and meet in one Constellation in that Firmament of Glory. *O Prætlarum diem, cùm ad illud divinorum animorum concilium, cœtumque proficiscar, atque ex hac turba ac colluvione discedam! O that blessed Day, when we shall make our Escape from this medley and confused Riot, and shall arrive to that great Council and general Rendevouz of Divine and Godlike Spirits!* But, which is more than all, we shall then meet our *Lord Jesus Christ*, the Head of our Recovery, whose Story is now so delightful unto us, as reporting nothing of him, but the greatest Sweetness and Innocence, and Meekness and Patience, and Mercy and Tenderness, and Benignity and Goodness, and whatever can render any Person lovely or amiable; and who out of his dear Love and deep Compassion unto Mankind, gave up himself unto the Death for us Men, and for our Salvation. And if St. *Augustine* made it one of his Wishes, to have seen *Jesus Christ in the Flesh*; how much more desirable is it to see him out of his terrestial Weeds, in his Robes of Glory, with *all his redeemed ones about him!* And this I cannot but look upon, as a great Advantage and Privilege of that future State; for I am not apt to swallow down that Conceit of the Schools, that we shall *spend Eternity in gazing upon the Naked Deity*; for certainly the Happiness of Man consists in having all his Faculties, in their due Subordinations, gratified with their proper

(a) 1 John 3. 2.

Objects;

Objects; and I cannot but believe, a great part of Heaven to be *the bleſt Society that is there*; Their enraviſhing Beauty, that is to ſay, their inward Life and Perfection, flowing forth, and raying it ſelf thorough their glorified Bodies; the *rare Diſcourſes* wherewith they entertain one another; the pure and chaſt and ſpotleſs, and yet moſt ardent Love, wherewith they embrace each other; the *ecſtatick Devotions* wherein they join together: And certainly, every pious and devout Soul will readily acknowledge with me, that it muſt needs be matter of unſpeakable Pleaſure, to be taken into the *Quire of Angels and Seraphims*, and the glorious Company of the *Apoſtles*, and the goodly Fellowſhip of the *Prophets*, and the noble Army of *Martyrs*; and to join with them in ſinging Praiſes, and Hallelujahs, and Songs of Joy, and Triumph unto our great Creator and Redeemer, the Father of Spirits and the Lover of Souls, unto him that ſits upon the Throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever.

Secondly, In Heaven we ſhall have *our Knowledge, and Love, which are the moſt perfect and beautifying Acts of our Minds, employed about their nobleſt Objects in their moſt exalted Meaſures*; for a Man to reſolve himſelf in ſome knotty Queſtion, or anſwer ſome ſtubborn Argument, or find out ſome noble Concluſion, or ſolve ſome hard *Probleme*, what ineffable Pleaſure does it create many times to a contemplative Mind? We know who ſacrificed a *Hecatomb* for one Mathematical Demonſtration; and another that upon the like Occaſion cry'd out, ἰυρηκα, ἰυρηκα, in a kind of Rapture: To have the *Secrets of Nature* diſcloſed, and the *Myſteries of Art* reveal'd; but above all, the *Riddles of Providence* unfolded, are ſuch Jewels as *I* know many ſearching and inquiſitive Spirits would be willing to purchaſe at any Rate; when we come to Heaven (*I* will not ſay, we ſhall ſee all things, *in the Mirror of Divinity*, for that it may be is an Extravagancy of the Schools; nor, that *any one true Propoſition through the Concatenation of Truth, will then multiply it ſelf into the explicit Knowledge of all Concluſions whatſoever*, for *I* believe that a Fancy too, but) our Knowledge ſhall be ſtrangely enlarg'd, and, for ought *I* can determine, be for ever receiving new Additions, and freſh Accruements; *the Clew of Divine Providence will then be unravell'd, and all thoſe Difficulties which now perplex us, will be eaſily aſſoyl'd, and we ſhall then perceive that the Wiſdom and Goodneſs of God*, is a vaſt and comprehenſive Thing, and moves in a far larger Sphere than we are aware of in this *ſtate of narrowneſs and imperfection*: But there is ſomething greater and beyond all this; and St. *John* has a ſtrange Expreſſion, *That we ſhall then ſee God even as he is*; And God, we know, is the Well-ſpring of Perfection and Happineſs, the Fountain and Original of all Beauty; he is infinitely Glorious, and Lovely, and Excellent; and if we ſee him *as he is*, all this Glory muſt deſcend into us and become ours: For we can no otherwiſe ſee God, but by becoming *Deiform*, by being changed into the ſame Glory; But *Love*, that is it which makes us moſt Happy, and by that we are moſt intimately conjoyn'd unto God, *For he that dwelleth in Love, dwelleth in God, and God in him*: And how pleaſant beyond all Imagination muſt it needs be, to have *the Soul melted into a Flame of Love*, and that Fire fed and nouriſhed by the Enjoyment of its Beloved; to be tranſported into Ecſtaſies and Raptures of Love; to

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be swallowed up in *the Embraces of eternal Sweetness*; to be lost in the Source and Fountain of Happiness and Bliss, like *a Spark in the Fire, or a Beam in the Sun, or Drop in the Ocean.*

Reader—It may be you will tell me, I have been all this while giving you a Relation of that which St. *John* tells us, *does not yet appear what it is*; but my Design has been the same with the Holy Evangelists; and that is, to represent unto you *how transcendantly Great that state of Happiness must needs be*; when as, by what we are able to apprehend of it, it is *infinitely the Object of our Desires*, and yet we are assured by those that are best able to tell, *that the best and greatest Part of the Country is yet undiscover'd, and that we cannot so much as guess at the Pleasure of it till we come to enjoy it*: And indeed it is impossible it should be otherwise; for *Happiness being a Matter of Sense*, all the Words in the World cannot convey the Notion of it into our Minds, and it is only to be understood by them *that feel it*; μὴ κατὰ ἐπιστήμην ἡ σύνεσις ἐκείνη, μηδὲ κατὰ γνῶσιν, ὥσπερ τὰ ἄλλα νοητὰ, ἀλλὰ κατὰ παρουσίαν ἐπιστήμης κρείττονα.

But though it does not yet appear what we shall be, yet so much already appears of it, that it cannot but seem the most worthy Object of our Endeavours and Desires; and by some few Clusters that have been shewn us of this good Land, we may guess what pleasant and delightful Fruit it bears: And if we have but any Reverence of our selves, and will but consider the *Dignity of our Natures*, and the Vastness of that Happiness we are capable of, methinks we should be *always travelling towards that Heavenly Country, though our Way lies through a Wilderness*; and be striving for this great Prize and *immortal Crown*, and be clearing our Eyes and purging our Sight, that we may come to this *Vision of God*, shaking off all fond Passions and dirty Desires, and breathing forth our Souls in the very Words of the Reverend Mr. *John Hicks*, who (in his *Dying Speech* in the *West*) declares to the *Spectators*.

'I am now going into that World where many Dark Things shall 'be made perfectly manifest and clear; and many doubtful Things fully 'resolved, and a plenary Satisfaction given concerning them; all Dis- 'putes and Mistakes concerning Treason, Rebellion and Schism, shall be 'at an End, and cease for ever. Many things that are Innocent, Law- 'ful and Laudable, which have foul Marks, and black Characters, stamp'd 'and fix'd upon 'em, here they shall be perfectly purified, and fully 'cleansed from there; where, at one view, more shall be known of them 'than by all wrangling Debates and eager Disputes, or by reading all 'Polemical Books concerning them here.

'When I beheld such an overflowing Flood of most prodigious Im- 'piety; such Profanation of the Day of God; and so much Hell upon 'Earth; and that there is so much Decay of Holy Zeal, and true 'Piety, and Christian Religion among the Professors of it; such seem- 'ing incurable Breaches and Divisions; such expiring Love and Cha- 'rity, and Partings among 'em; it hath powerful Influence on my Soul 'to reconcile it more to Death, and makes it effectively, and from 'Choice to leave this present World, and take up my abode in that 'which is unseen and Future, where there shall be nothing but perfect 'Love and Holiness; a sinless State, and serving God with all Unwea- 'riedness and Perfection, with the highest Complacency and Delight

‘ that Immortal Souls can be capable of: There is perfect Peace, and ‘ Concord, the innumerable Company of Angels, and the Spirits of ‘ juſt Men made Perfect; all faſtened together with indiſſolvable and ‘ uninterrupted Chains of moſt pure Love, and all continually wrapt up ‘ in, and tranſported with the higheſt Admiration of God's Love, his In- ‘ finite and incomprehenſible Excellencies and Perfections, ſinging Hal- ‘ lelujah's to him without ceaſing, and triumphing in his Praiſe for ‘ ever and ever. The Conſideration alſo, that I know ſo little of ‘ theſe ſublime, profound, and Divine Myſteries; of the moſt glorious ‘ Myſtery of Salvation by *Jeſus Chriſt*; that I am ſo uncapable to fathom ‘ the Depths of the Providences of God, whoſe Ways are in the Sea, ‘ and whoſe Paths are in the deep Waters, and whoſe Foot-ſteps are ‘ not known, and particularly in the late ſtupendious and amazing one; ‘ and that I am ſo ignorant of the Nature of Angels and Spirits, with ‘ their Offices and Operations, and of their high and glorious Excel- ‘ lencies; and that I am ſo little acquainted with the Nature of my ‘ own Soul as at preſent dwelling in and united to my Body, and ‘ as diſunited and ſeparated from it; how without Corporeal Organs ‘ it ſhall moſt vivaciouſly and vigorouſly perform all its proper Functi- ‘ ons and Offices, and more than ever ſtrongly and indefatigably ſerve ‘ the Lord *Jeſus*, moſt fervently and abundantly love him and delight ‘ in him, every way, much more obtain the ſupream and higheſt End ‘ of its Creation and Being; and this makes me much more willing to ‘ die that I may have the Knowledge thereof, with innumerable other ‘ things, that I am now either Ignorant of or do but imperfectly know, ‘ and ſo be made Happy by a Plenitude of Fullneſs of Enjoying In- ‘ tellectual Pleaſures, which are of all other moſt ſuitable, ſweet, and ‘ ſatisfactory to immortal Souls.

‘ I earneſtly exhort all moſt highly to prize and value Time, and ‘ diligently improve it for Eternity; to be wiſe ſeriouſly and ſeaſona- ‘ bly to conſider of their latter End: For by the irrepealable and irre- ‘ verſible Law of Heaven we muſt all Die, yet we know not how, where, ‘ or when.

Reader—having (in this *Third Eſſay*) ſaid all that I think neceſſary concerning our *preſent Moment of Time, and that Eternity that depends upon it, and of our Souls as at preſent dwelling in and united to our Bodies, and as after Death converſing in the World of Spirits*; I will now conclude this—*Firſt Part of my New Directory for Holy Living and Dying*—*with*—*A Narrative of my Services and Sufferings in the Glorious Cauſe of Religion and Liberty*—which I'll intitle,

AN

AN

APPEAL

To his Majeſty's moſt Gracious Promiſe of *Never forgetting thoſe that have Diſtinguiſhed themſelves in his Service*;

OR,

The Humble PETITION of *JOHN DUNTON*, Gent.

(To his Lawful and *Ever Glorious* Sovereign King GEORGE) That he might not be left to Starve in a JAIL, after his *Early, Bold, and Succeſsful venturing his Life and Fortune* in Detecting his Majeſty's Enemies, when Plotting in the *Royal Palace*, and other Parts of *Great-Britain* and *Ireland*, to Reſtore the Pretender.

The whole PETITION

Humbly Submitted to the Conſideration of the Right Honourable *ROBERT WALPOLE* Eſq; Firſt LORD of the TREASURY, and to the other Worthy PATRIOTS now in the MINISTRY, in hopes they'll give it ſuch a Recommendation to his Majeſty, as they know in HONOUR and CONSCIENCE is Due to it. To which is added, ſome Impartial REMARKS upon Mr. *Dunton*'s PETITION to his Majeſty; Writ by that Reverend Clergyman that Publiſhed the Narrative, intitled, *Mordecai*'s *Memorial, or there's nothing done for him*; Proving 'tis now a National COMPLAINT, that the Author of NECK or NOTHING has gone Nine Years *Unrewarded for his diſtinguiſhed Services to his King and Country.*

His Majeſty's firſt SPEECH from the Throne

I will never forget the Obligations I have to thoſe that have Diſtinguiſhed themſelves by their Zeal and Firmneſs to the Proteſtant Succeſſion, againſt all the Open and Secret Practices that have been uſed to Defeat it.

TO THE

King's moſt Excellent Majeſty,

THE

Humble PETITION of *John Dunton*, Gent.

Sheweth,

THAT your *Petitioner* very early in the Queen's Reign, when *Oxford* and *Bolingbrook* were at the Head of the Miniſtry, did Publiſh a Pamphlet called *Neck or Nothing*, (or a Supplement to Mr. *W—l—p—l*'s Celebrated Tract, entitled, *The ſhort Hiſtory of the Parliament*) diſcovering the Meaſures then taking (in the *Royal Palace*, and other Parts of *Great-Britain* and *Ireland*) to blind the People, bring in the Pretender, and injure *your ſacred Majeſty's Family's Right to your Throne* (which he Prays God you may long Enjoy) which *Bold Diſcovery*'s no Man durſt Publiſh at that Time but himſelf (ſo great a Risk did he run of his *Life* and *Fortune* in their Publication) as is proved by a Reverend Clergyman in his Narrative, intitled, *Mordecai's Memorial, or there's nothing done for him*; wherein he proves your Petitioner *a Parallel Inſtance* to the *Perſian Mordecai* for his diſtinguiſhed (tho' as yet unrewarded) Services, in detecting *the Jacobite Plots againſt your Majeſty's Royal Perſon and Family.*

That your *Petitioner* had, upon the Publication of theſe Diſcoveries (intitled *Neck or Nothing*) ſeveral Officers, with Warrants from the State, in purſuit of him; with *ſevere Threats of his Life*, and *large Rewards*, for taking him; by Providence he eſcaped their Fury, but with *great Fatigue*, and *Expence*, and to the Impoveriſhing your *Petitioner*, 'till God Almighty ſent your Majeſty for *a General Deliverance*, in which your *Petitioner* had the *moſt diſtinguiſhed Share*, the Pretender having Sworn (as the *Jacobites* Report) that *John Dunton* is the firſt Man he'll hang at *Tyburn*, if ever he aſcends the *Britiſh Throne*, for his having writ at leaſt *Forty Books* to prove him *a Popiſh Impoſtor*, and all his Adherents either *Fools*, *Knaves*, or *Madmen*, but your *Petitioner* (moſt Humbly) aſſures your Majeſty that the Threats of this *Wou'd-be-King* (or little Popiſh Work of Darkneſs) has ſo little Frightned him from his *ſincere and ſteady Loyalty* to his Lawful Sovereign; that he reſolves to Re-print (in a few Days) *The Golden Age Reviv'd*; or, *a Viſion of the Future Happineſs of* Great-Britain *under the Glorious Reign of King* George, *and his Illuſtrious Houſe*,

to

to the World's end; of which the late Order of both Houſes of Parliament, for Burning *the Pretender's Declaration* by the Hands of the common Hangman, is a *Good and Joyful Omen.*

That your Petitioner living in *Daily Fear of a Priſon*, by Reaſon of the *great Sums of Money*, which he freely ſpent out of his own Pocket, in detecting your Majeſty's Enemies, apply'd himſelf to his two good Friends, the late Marquiſs of *Wharton*, and the Biſhop of *Salisbury*, who faithfully Promiſed to lay your *Petitioner's* Wants and Services before your Majeſty, which *Two Thouſand Pounds* would Relieve (a *Small Sum* if Compared with his *Early, Bold, and Expenſive Hazards* to ſerve the Publick) but they, to his great Sorrow, *Dying*, left him Deſtitute ever ſince, but of the hope of Relief from your *Sacred Majeſty*, and your *Condeſcending Goodneſs* in diſtinguiſhing him by your Royal Preſent of a *Gold Medal*, which your *Petitioner* received by means of that *Truly Generous*, and *Illuſtrious Patriot* the Count *De Bothmer*, and will keep 'till Death, were he *to Dye with Hunger.*

That the Expectation of *ſome Reward* (according to your Majeſty's Royal Promiſe from the Throne, which was "*Never to Forget them that* "*diſtinguiſhed themſelves in your Majeſty's Service*) has gained your "*Petitioner* Credit for Suſtenance for theſe ſeveral Years"; which is now withdrawn, and a JAIL Threatned, and that tho' your *Petitioner* was formerly call'd *the PATRIOT of Great-Britain*, for venturing his ALL to ſave it from the *Uſurpation* and *Tyranny* of *a Popiſh Pretender* (as was well known to the Immortal STANHOPE, * who, like *a True and Generous PATRIOT*, gave your *Petitioner* a noble Preſent of *Guineas* in acknowledgment of his Publick Services) and for that Reaſon, 'twas *Generally Thought*, he would have been the *firſt Man Rewarded* at your Majeſty's Happy Acceſſion to the *Britiſh* Throne; But all the Reward your *Petitioner* has yet had (ſave that *Glorious one* of having done his DUTY to your Majeſty's *Royal Perſon and Family* in the worſt of Times) is *the utter Ruin of himſelf, for ſaving his Country from it*, if your Majeſty's *Royal Bounty* does not prevent it; and yet your *Petitioner* has not once ſtarted from his Conſtant and Affectionate Loyalty to his *Lawful Sovereign King GEORGE*, ever ſince he *drew his Pen* in your Majeſty's Service (whatever ſome *Proteus Loyaliſts* have done, when they have been *no longer Humoured or loaded with Royal Bounty*) which has occaſioned ſome of your Majeſty's beſt Friends to perſwade him to Write a PARADOX, and entitle it, *The Honour of deſerving a Knighthood exceeds the Title*; for, tho' your Petitioner was born a *Gentleman* (being the Eldeſt Son of a Reverend Divine of *the Church of England*) and bred a Scholar, and Heir to a good Eſtate; (a great Part of which your *Petitioner* has ſpent in detecting your Majeſty's Enemies *both in the late and preſent Reign*) yet he moſt ſolemnly declares to your Majeſty, that he had much rather Starve in the Glorious Cauſe of King *George*, and his Illuſtrious Houſe, than to be advanced to the Greateſt Honours and Riches by a *Popiſh* Pretender; and for that Reaſon, your *Petitioner* ever thought it his DUTY (both as a *Livery-Man* of the City of *London*, and a *Free-*

* The Right Honourable *James* Earl *Stanhope*, is the True and Generous *Patriot* here meant.

holder of the County of *Bucks*) to ſtick at *no Charges* in chuſing ſuch *Members of Parliament*, that were for ſecuring to *Great-Britain* King WILLIAM's *Glorious Legacy*, the Proteſtant Succeſſion in the Illuſtrious Houſe of *Hannover*; nor ſhall either Rewards or Puniſhments, the Frowns or Flatteries of any Creature, hinder him from faithfully diſcharging the Duty he owes *his God, his King, and Country*, to the utmoſt of his Power; for as your *Petitioner* would not for *a Thouſand Worlds wrong any Man* by a falſe Accuſation, if he knew it to be ſo; ſo neither will he for *Fear or Favour conceal any Villany that comes well atteſted* to his Knowledge, This ever was, is, and ſhall be his Principle and Practice; *by this he'll Stand or Fall, Live or Die*, That Man he thinks ill underſtands his Duty to *God, his Prince and Country*, that will be *Bully'd* out of the Performing it *by any Man on Earth*; this, your *Petitioner* hopes, will never be attempted towards him; but if it ſhould, 'twill be in vain, *For he would willingly loſe for the Service of your Majeſty, as much as others get by pretending to ſerve you.*

All which fully Proves to your Majeſty, that your *Petitioner* is ſure to *Die a Martyr* in the Cauſe of his Country, and of the Royal Family; or (in Plainer *Engliſh* muſt *Starve out* his few remaining Days in a Priſon) except inabled by a *Royal Reward*, to pay thoſe DEBTS that he has Contracted in ſerving *the Publick*; and therefore, as your *Petitioner* has the HONOUR to be one of thoſe *Loyal Clergymen's Sons*, to whom your Majeſty has lately Promiſed, *That they ſhall always have your Protection and Encouragement*, he humbly Hopes he ſhall not be ſuffer'd to *Starve in a Jail*, for Debts contracted in the Service of his *King and Country*; it being now a NATIONAL COMPLAINT, that his diſtinguiſhed Services to your Majeſty's *Royal Perſon and Family*, has gone nine Years unrewarded (as will be declared in *ſeveral Addreſſes to your Majeſty*, from ſome of the chief Corporations of *Great Britain* and *Ireland*, By the whole *Athenian Soietcy*, of which your *Petitioner* has the *Honour* to be a Member, and in a very Particular Manner—From his Brethren the Sons of the Clergy, if this Preſent *Petition* to your Majeſty does not meet with good good Succeſs, as is both Deſired and Expected by all your Majeſty's *true Friends*) For 'tis generally Thought, your *Petitioner's early Venture of his Life and Fortune* in detecting your Majeſty's Enemies, had not gone thus long Unrewarded, had it not been either *Concealed* or *Miſrepreſented* to your Majeſty by thoſe *South-Sea* (or Pretended) *WHIGS* that are lately Dead, or diſplaced for thoſe Real *WHIGS* that are now in the MINISTRY, were ever Men of a *Truly, Generous, and Faithful Character*; But the pretended *WHIGS* have *Rob'd a whole Kingdom of its Riches and Credit*; and (like the Knaviſh Contrivers of *the Fraudulent Harburgh Lottery*) wou'd Reward Merit in none but their own Creatures, (or ſuch as had Money enough to purchaſe their Favour.) And therefore your *Petitioner*'s Enemies the *JACOBITES* and Pretended *WHIGS*, will have him paſs for a MAD-MAN; the Firſt, to Stifle the *Early and Bold Diſcovery* your *Petitioner* made of their Treaſon againſt your Majeſty; and the laſt, to excuſe their *Scandalous Avarice and Ingratitude*, in not Rewarding the many Deſperate and Chargeable Hazards that he ran at his own Expence, to ſecure to them their *Religion, Lives*, and *Eſtates*; but your *Petitioner* is ſo far from being MAD (or in the leaſt

CRAZ'D

CRAZ'D in his *Intellectuals*) he is ready to ſtand the TEST before *the whole Colledge of Phyſicians* upon that undeſerved Slander; for even the Reverend and Learned Dr. *Jonathan Swift*, tho' a great *Jacobite*, and as ſuch, your *Petitioner*'s avow'd Enemy, yet does him the *Honour* to clear him of all MADNESS, in his Irony, entitled, *The Publick Spirit of the WHIGS*, by calling his NECK or NOTHING "*A Cutting Satyr* "*upon the Lord Treaſurer, and Lord* Bolingbrook; *and to affirm it Gall'd* "*them more than* The CRISIS, (*Writ by Sir* Richard Steel,) *or any other* "*PAMPHLET had done, during their whole Miniſtry.*" 'Twou'd therefore be doing Juſtice to your *Petitioner*'s *own Reputation*, and to thoſe of his *Fellow Subjects*, who are *merely Robb'd of their whole Eſtates*, to ſet theſe *South-Sea*, or pretended *WHIGS* (the only Enemies your *Petitioner* had at Court) in a true Light, in a SATYR, entitled,---*Neck or Nothing on both ſides*; *or, the National Complaint, that* JOHN DUNTON *that ventured his ALL in the Service of his King and Country, has gone Nine YEARS Unrewarded*; *and that thoſe STATE Pick-Pockets, the late Directors of the* South-Sea *Company, their Aiders, Screeners, and Abettors are not yet Hanged*.

This SATYR (if your Majeſty's two Principal Secretaries of State, the Right Honourable the Lord TOWNSHEND, and the Lord CARTERET, will give *leave for its Publication*) ſhall ſet the Impudent and Matchleſs Knavery of the *South-Sea* (or Pretended) *WHIGS*; (but more eſpecially of that Proud *Son of a Judas*, that was not only Accuſed of SODOMY and Robbing a whole Kingdom, but alſo of baſely Concealing and Miſrepreſenting your *Petitioner*'s PUBLICK SERVICES) in ſuch a *true Light*, as will make their *Memory Stink to the World's end*; and in the mean Time, that your *Petitioner* might not quite ſink under that Load of DEBTS, which he has contracted in *the Glorious Cauſe of Religion and Liberty* (by ſtill having his *Loyal and National Services* either Concealed or Miſrepreſented to his *Gracious Sovereign*) he has taken Effectual Care to have this *Humble Petition* preſented to your Majeſty's own Hand; To the Right Honourable ROBERT WALPOLE Eſq; *Firſt Lord of the Treaſury*, and to the other Worthy PATRIOTS now in the Miniſtry; in hopes they will give it ſuch a Recommendation to your Majeſty, as they know in Honour and Conſcience is due to it, But whether they do or not, *A Miniſter of State*'s not performing his Duty to thoſe that have *diſtinguiſhed themſelves in the Service of their Country*, can no ways Blacken your Majeſty's *Spotleſs Character*; for 'tis Univerſally acknowledged, if our *Gracious Sovereign* excells in *one Vertue* more than another, 'tis in that of Nobly REWARDING ſuch as deſerve it; (of which the Preſent Lord *Chancellor*, Earl *Cadogan*, Lord *Townſhend*, Lord *Carteret*, and the Right Honourable Mr. *Walpole*, &c. are ſo many Illuſtrious Inſtances) which *your Petitioner don't ſpeak with an Eye to his own Advancement*; for he can with Truth affirm, when *he firſt ventured his Life and Fortune* in detecting your Majeſty's Enemies, he had no other Reward in View but barely doing his Duty to his King and Country. And to ſpeak the Truth, of all the Ways of which your *Petitioner* is capable of Relief, A ROYAL BOUNTY to pay his Debts, and a *Penſion for Life*, would make himſelf moſt eaſy (in Regard his frequent Attendance upon an *ill State of Health*, unfits him to execute an Office) and this

way of being delivered from DEBT (by the Bleſſing of God upon his Loyal and Studious Endeavours) would make your *Petitioner* farther Serviceable to his *Native Country*, both in *detecting the Enemies to your Majeſty's Government*, and Promoting of VERTUE and LEARNING; and that

Firſt, By Reprinting at leaſt *One Thouſand* of thoſe *Vendible Copies* which your *Petitioner* Purchaſed from Authors of *diſtinguiſhed Piety, Learning and Ingenuity* (whilſt he Traded in the *Stationer's* Company) of which *the* French *Book of Martyrs*, *Publiſhed in* Engliſh *with Queen* Mary's *Royal Priviledge.*— *By* Barlow's *Genuine Remains, in One Hundred Theological, Philoſophical, and Hiſtorical Eſſays.*— *The Works of the Right Honourable* Henry *Lord* Delamere.—*And the Caſuiſtical Morning Exerciſes* (Publiſhed by the Famous Dr. *Samuel Anneſley*, your *Petitioner's* ever Honoured Father in Law) are Four of the ſaid Copies, which with *nine Hundred ninety Six* valuable Copies more (to which your *Petitioner* has a juſt TITLE, and are now ſo ſcarce as not to be bought in *London*) had been long ſince Reprinted, had not the Money your *Petitioner* ſpent in your Majeſty's Service prevented it.

Secondly, By your *Petitioner's* attempting to Reform *the Debauched Lives, Corrupt Principles, and ill Manners* of all your Majeſty's Subjects, from the *Whoring Duke* down to the *Knaviſh Begger*, by diſcovering to 'em (from his *own Experience)* the *Vanity, Errors, and Inconſtancy*, &c. of this preſent World, and *Reality* of the next; and therefore that this *Religious Project* might awaken the *Conſcience* of the moſt hardened Sinners, 'Tis intitled, *Upon this Moment depend's Eternity, or Mr.* John Dunton's *Serious Thoughts upon the Preſent and Future State, in a Fit of Sickneſs that was judged Mortal; being a new Directory for Holy Living and Dying, Compoſ'd of the Author's own Experience, in Religion, Politicks, and Morals, from his Childhood to his Sixty Third Year; and ſubmitted to the Impartial Cenſure of the Right Reverend Father in God*, William *Lord Biſhop of* ELY.

Thirdly, By Publiſhing *Intellectual Sport; or, a Pacquet for the* Virtuoſi *of* Great Britain, which your *Petitioner* has now ready for the Preſs, and intends to Entitle it — *The Athenian Library; or, a Univerſal Entertainment for the Lovers of* Novelty; containing two Thouſand diſtinct Treatiſes in PROSE and VERSE, upon Subjects never handled before, The whole Written by the Author of NECK or NOTHING, (*a Member of the* Athenian Society) and Reviſed, Corrected, and Approved by *the Gentlemen* concerned with him in Writing The ATHENIAN ORACLE (a Work Anwſering *all Nice and Curious Queſtions concealing the* Queriſts) of which your *Petitioner* had the HONOUR of being the firſt Projector and Author.

And *Laſtly*, —By your *Petitioner's* compleating in a *Second Edition*, what he calls — *The Life and Errors of* John Dunton, *late Citizen of* London; *Written by himſelf in Solitude* — *With an Idea of a New Life*; wherein is ſhewn how he would *Think, Speak*, and *Act*, might he live over his Days again; Intermixed with *the New Diſcoveries* that the Author has made in his *Travels* Abroad, and in his *Private Converſation* at Home; Together with *The Lives and Characters of a Thouſand Perſons (both Male and Female) of Diſtinguiſhed Piety, Learning, and Ingenuity. (All of your* Petitioner's *Kindred, and Intimate Friends)*

And

And the whole *Life and Errors*, digested into *Seven Stages*, with their Respective IDEAS. To which is prefixed, a LETTER, writ by *a Reverend Divine of the Church of* England; Recommending this IDEA OF A NEW LIFE, to the Frequent Perusal of *Young Persons* (of both Sexes) but more especially to his *own Children*.

Thus your *Petitioner* has Presumed to inform your Majesty of his *Great Zeal, Expence, and Industry* in Promoting of VERTUE and LEARNING (as well of as his *Distinguished Loyalty to your Majesty's Illustrious House in the worst of Times*) in hopes you will be Graciously Pleased to give him your *Royal Pardon* for this BOLD (but necessary) DISCOVERY of his *Loyal*, and *Typographical Services*; for as it was wholly owing to the MUSES, that Cardinal DU BOIS had the *first Access* to the Monarch of *France*, and obtained the Honour of a Celebrated Admission into the *French Academy*, so your *Petitioner* does not in the least Doubt, but the VIRTUOSI of *Great-Britain* (*i. e.* such Members of the *Athenian Society*, that have distinguished themselves by their steady Loyalty to your Majesty, and *Great Zeal in Promoting of Virtue and Learning*) will be as Nobly REWARDED with Marks of your *Royal Favour*, as the VIRTUOSI of *France* have been by the *French* King; Neither had your *Petitioner* been now out of a Prison, had he not assured his Creditors of the Great Hopes he had of *the Good Success* of this *Present Appeal to your Majesty's most Gracious Promise, of never forgetting those that have distinguish'd themselves your Service.*

May your Majesty long Live *the Blessing of your People, and Support of the* Protestant *Interest, and the Liberties of Europe*; all of them now in the utmost Danger by the *Cursed Conspiracy* of the HIGH-CHURCH PARTY to Restore a *Popish* Pretender; may your Majesty be *the Glorious Instrument* of Providence, to extricate them out of it, And to this End, may God bless your Majesty with *a wise Council, a Faithful Ministry, and an Obedient, loyal, affectionate, dutiful, united* People.

Your *Petitioner* therefore, most humbly lays himself at *your Sacred Majesty's Feet*, begging your Generous Pardon for this *long and tedious Address*, (as 'tis in some Sense, his *Dying Groans from the* Fleet-Prison; *or, Last shift for Life*) and imploring your tender Goodness and Compassion on his *Miseries, Wants* and *Services* in such Manner, as your Majesty, in your *Great Wisdom*, shall think fit,

And your PETITIONER

(as in Duty bound)

Shall ever Pray.

Some

Some Impartial REMARKS *upon Mr.* DUNTON's *Petition to his Majeſty*; (*writ by that Reverend* Clergyman *that publiſhed the Narrative Intitled* Mordecai's Memorial; or, there's Nothing done for him;) *Proving, 'tis now* a National Complaint, *that the Author of* NECK OR NOTHING *has gone* Nine Years *Unrewarded, for his diſtinguiſhed Services to his* KING, *and* Country.

Si Ingratum dixeris, omnia dixeris.

Reader, In this Petition to his Majeſty, which Mr. *Dunton* delivered to the King with his own Hand, we find a Loyal and Moving Repreſentation of very *Seaſonable, Deſperate, and Unrewarded Services* and *Sufferings* in the Glorious Cauſe of Religion and Liberty, and of the Succeſſion of the Illuſtrious Houſe of *Hannover* to the Throne of theſe Kingdoms, when all theſe were in *Imminent Hazard*, and ready to be ſacrificed, at one Blow, to the *Pope* and the *Pretender*; when the Vengeance of *an abandoned Miniſtry* was the certain Effect of Revealing their *Treaſon*, and Controuling their *Meaſures*; if in theſe Circumſtances, there was (*a Britiſh Mordecai*) a Man of Honeſty and Courage, to whom *their Plots and Contrivances were revealed*, who with the utmoſt Freedom Riſqued *his Eſtate, his Liberty, and his Life*, by a moſt ſeaſonable Publication of the Wicked Deſigns that were then on the Anvil, who *propoſed to make good his Charge* in open Court, if he could have obtained the late Queen's Protection for himſelf and his Witneſſes, who in *Forty Books publiſhed at his own Expence*, alarmed the Blind and Deluded Subjects of *Great Britain* and *Ireland*, and who thereupon was purſued with *the keeneſt Reſentment of a Secretary of State*, who, when he cou'd ſerve his Country, and promote the Security of the Succeſſion of his Majeſty's *Illuſtrious Houſe*, in no other Capacity, made his *Weekly Appearance* under the Title of his own GHOST (*a*) What Reward ſhall he not be thought to deſerve? The Deſign therefore of this Petition is to inform his Majeſty, that Mr *John Dunton* (*Author of Neck or Nothing*) is the *MORDECAI*, after his *Service, his Hazards and Succeſs*; *and after large Aſſurances* were made him, in Caſe the Proteſtant Succeſſion ſhould obtain, yet has been Nine Years neglected and left to ſtruggle with a Great Incumbrance upon his Eſtate, and that tho' 'tis very Notorious, how ſucceſsful Mr. *Dunton*'s Endeavours were to ſecure the Proteſtant Succeſſion in *the Illuſtrious Houſe of Hanover*, his Free and Plain manner of Writing was wonderfully adapted to the ſervice of thoſe who wanted the moſt to be delivered from *the Arts and Colours*, under which the Treaſon of that time was hid; and were there a *Strict Scrutiny*, I doubt

(*a*) i. e. *He Publiſhed a Weekly Paper intitled* Dunton's Ghoſt.

not

ot but *his Converts* would appear as Numerous as Sir *R——d S——l's*; He turned his *Common Friendſhip and Acquaintance* with *Papiſts* into Means o enlarging his Diſcoveries, by which Method he came acquainted with the Contrivances of the *Papiſts* and *Jacobites* both in *England* and *Ireland*, and gave ſo plain and timely Intimations of their Deſigns, as effectually prevented them, (as is ſhewn at large in my Narrative called, *Mordecai's Memorial, or there's nothing done for him*, and is ſince proved by Mr. *Dunton* himſelf, in his Eſſay intitled, *The Golden Age exemplified in the glorious Reign of his preſent Majeſty.*) So that I am bold to ſay, there is not a Subject in *Great Britain* that has diſtinguiſhed himſelf more by *his Zeal and Firmneſs for the Proteſtant Succeſſion, againſt all the open and ſecret Practices that have been uſed to defeat it*, then Mr. *Dunton* has done (his Capacity and Station conſidered) he expoſed his Life to the Power and Enmity of the late Miniſtry, in a moſt Publick Detection of their *Treaſonable Scheme*, to introduce the *Pretender*, he was perſecuted and hunted by them like a *Partridge*, and (as I ſaid before) when he found it expedient he turned *Ghoſt* (at the very time when *Six Warrants* were in Purſuit of his Body) to ſecure the *Proteſtant Succeſſion*, and Defeat the Hopes of the Pretender, could I ſay as much for my ſelf in this Regard, as I can with an unreproving Conſcience for Mr. *Dunton*, I would not exchange Merit with Sir *R--d S--l*, 'Tis certain Mr. *Dunton*, has a juſt Claim upon the Foot of this Promiſe *never to be forgotten*, by his Majeſty King *George*; I have not entertained ſuch a Thought, that a Promiſe made by a Prince *ſo Famous for the punctual Obſervation of his Word*, and eſpecially the firſt Promiſe he ever made from the *Britiſh* Throne, will lye forgotten or Unperformed to one whoſe *Services* have had their Succeſs in raiſing him to that Throne, of which his Majeſty is now fully informed by that *Petition*, Mr. *Dunton* lately delivered to the King with his own Hand (as I am aſſured by that Clergyman that compares his Publick Services to thoſe of Sir *R----d S——l's* in the Paradox intitled, *The Honour of deſerving a Knighthood exceeds the Title*) and as the World is here preſented with *A true Copy of Mr.* Dunton's *Petition to his Majeſty*, ſo I dare affirm I have made no Remarks upon it but what his early and ſucceſsful Venture of *Neck* or *Nothing* moſt juſtly Merits, and is acknowledged to be Matter of Fact by all the *True Friends* to his Majeſty's *Sacred Perſon and Family.*

In ſhort, I had never concerned my ſelf in this Affair now, did I not *Think*, nay *Know*, the King's *Honour* as well as the *Miniſtry's* concern'd, in Rewarding ſuch National Services; the Body of *Diſſenters*, nay all our *Country Whigs*, murmur at Mr. *Dunton's* being neglected, his Reputation ſtands ſo fair in the *Britiſh* World, it looks ill not to Regard the Man; and therefore as I am pleaſed with every Thing that adds to his Majeſty's Glory, I thought it my Duty to Prove (in theſe *Impartial Remarks* upon Mr. *Dunton's Petition* to the KING) that every Loyal Subject (as well as my ſelf) ought to be Uneaſy, till his *Diſtinguiſhed Services* to his King and Country are nobly Rewarded, for can he be a *True Friend* to his Majeſty that is not aſhamed the *Government* ſhould ſuffer a Faithful Servant to Sink under DEBTS contracted in its Defence? *For my own ſhare*, I no ſooner Read Mr. *Dunton's Petition* to his Majeſty, but I was moved with a *Generous Reſentment*, that Poor *Mordecai* ſhould have

Nothing done for him, I ſaw him Periſhing under his *Load of Debts*, contracted in the *hazardous Service of his Country*; I was not unacquainted with the large Aſſurances made him by the late Marquiſs of *Wharton* and the Biſhop of *Salisbury*; I was convinced he was able to compare *Notes* (with the real and eminent Services done) with many whom the Favour of their Prince has *Bountifully Diſtinguiſhed*; this being Mr *Dunton*'s Caſe, I was ſenſibly Touched with it; if therefore Mr. *Dunton*'s *Petition* to his Majeſty, be Honoured ſo far, as to be Back'd with Mr. *WALPOLE*'s (or ſome other *Worthy Patriot*'s) informing the King of his *Early, Expenſive, and Succeſsful Hazards* to ſerve his *Illuſtrious Houſe* in the worſt of Times (or be followed with Addreſſes in Mr. *Dunton*'s Behalf from the Citizens of *London*, Freeholders of *Bucks*, and from his Bretheren the *Sons of the Clergy*; if his *Petition* Prove Unſucceſsful) it will doubtleſs meet with ſuch *a noble Reward* from his Majeſty, as the *whole Nation* thinks Mr. *Dunton* has long and moſt juſtly deſerved for his *Publick Services*, which (as he rightly obſerves in his *Petition* to the King) had been long ſince Rewarded had they not been either *conceal'd* or *miſrepreſented* to his Majeſty, by thoſe *South-Sea* (or Knaviſh) *Whigs* that Pretended to Serve *the Publick* only to enrich themſelves: However as thoſe Corrupt and Ungrateful *Stateſmen* (the *South-Sea* or pretended *Whigs*) are all either Dead or Diſplaced, Mr. *Dunton* will now ſoon obtain *that Royal Reward* he has long deſerved, (for the *Great Service* he has done his Country in ſecuring the *Proteſtant* Succeſſion in the Illuſtrious Houſe of *Hannover*.) If (as I ſaid before) the Right Honourable Mr. *Walpole*, or Some other *worthy Patriot* now in the Miniſtry will do him that Great *Honour* and *Juſtice*, as to inform his Majeſty how long his *diſtinguiſhed Services* in detecting his ſecret and open Enemies have gone Unrewarded, as I can't doubt but they will; for ſure I am, when Mr. *Dunton* firſt engaged in his *hazardous Undertakings*, in which he has met with moſt Remarkable Succeſs, he might have had Security from the Men now in Power, that in caſe the SCHEME laid to bring in the Pretender, and defeat the Settlement of the Crown upon the *Proteſtant Line*, ſhould be effectually Detected and Overthrown, and themſelves placed where they are; that he ſhould never want a Share in their *Fortune*; that every Office in their Power, ſhould, tho' unasked, be employed to *raiſe him above Straits*, to make him eaſy thro' the remainder of his Days: But now his Endeavours have ſucceeded, and been the means *to raiſe and ſet them in the Saddle*; the Poor Man, to whom in good Meaſure they owe their *Poſts* and their *Honours*, has (through the Scandalous *Avarice* and *Ingratitude* of thoſe *South-Sea* or pretended WHIGS that are Dead, or Diſplaced) been *nine Years* forgotten and *nothing done for him*; it has been thought that *Generoſity*, *Gratitude*, and *Good Faith*, were the Glorious and Diſtinguiſhing Characters of the Real WHIGS, and whether indeed they are ſo, the Succeſs of Mr. *Dunton*'s *Petition to his Majeſty*, and theſe *Remarks* upon it, will go a Great Length to Determine. The prime Miniſters of State in the Kingdom of *Perſia*, are charged to this Day with Ingratitude, that *Mordecai* had nothing done for him; tho' by his Means the *Plot of Aſſaſſination* was revealed and defeated, had *Ahaſuerus* been Murdered by his *Chamberlains*, 'twas a Hundred to one they had all loſt their Places? 'Twas owing to *Mordecai* that the Miniſtry in

Perſia

Perſia was not turned out, and 'tis very much owing to Mr. *Dunton* (our *Britiſh Mordecai*) the preſent Miniſtry was turned in; I would therefore Humbly ask, whether the *Worthy Patriots* now in the Miniſtry, who have been Witneſſes of his Service, and themſelves well provided by Means of his Succeſs, can endure the Thought that Mr. *Dunton* ſhould *Rot in a Priſon* when there are a thouſand Ways to relieve him? — But indeed of all the other Ways in which he is capable of Relief, *a Royal Bounty to pay his Debts, and a Penſion for Life* (as Mr. *Dunton* declares in his *Petition* to his Majeſty) *would make him moſt eaſy in Regard his frequent Attendance upon an ill State of Health, unfits him to execute an Office*; and therefore I cannot doubt of *the Readineſs* of the Right Honourable Mr. *WALPOLE* (nor of thoſe other Worthy PATRIOTS that now ſurround the Throne) to ROLL away the Reproach Mr. *Dunton*'s rotting in a Priſon would unavoidably caſt upon them.

With all poſſible Importunity therefore, I beg it of Mr. *WALPOLE*, and of thoſe *other Faithful Patriots now in the Miniſtry* (and ſo do thoſe *other Clergymen and Perſons of Note*, who engaged me in this *juſt Recommendation* of Mr. *Dunton*'s unrewarded Services to their Conſideration) that they'd take a *Proper Opportunity* to preſent one of Mr. *Dunton*'s *Petitions to the King*, and Support the juſt Intention of it with the *ſincere Concern*, which they know in *Honour and Conſcience* is Due to it.

Reader, 'tis Reported of Q. *Elizabeth* (*a*) (that *Deborah* of our Nation) that in a Letter to the King of *France*, ſhe ſhould uſe this Expreſſion: "That if there were any *unpardonable Sin it muſt be Ingratitude.*" And *Plutarch* (*b*) relateth concerning *Pyrrhus* King of *Epirus*, "That he "took the Death of *Æropus* very Impatiently, becauſe he was thereby "cut off from all *Opportunities* of requiting the Courteſies which he had "received from him" Sure I am, there is not *a Grateful Subject* in all the *Britiſh* Dominions, that reads Mr. *Dunton*'s *Petition* to his Majeſty (if a true Lover of his King and Country) but muſt muſt own that the Author of NECK or NOTHING has more boldly ventured his Life and Fortune in his Majeſty's Service, than any other Man in the Kingdom beſides, (and conſequently moſt juſtly deſerves, that *Royal Reward* I have here mentioned) and therefore I don't wonder 'tis now *a National Complaint*, that Mr. *Dunton*'s diſtinguiſhed Services to his Majeſty's Sacred Perſon and Family, have gone *Nine Years Unrewarded*, for GRATITUDE is juſtly held to be *the Mother of all Vertues*; ſeeing that from this one Fountain thoſe many *Rivulets* ariſe, as that of *Reverence* and due Reſpect unto our Maſters and Governours, and that of *Friendſhip* among Men, *Love* to our Country, *Piety* to our Parents, and *Religion* towards God himſelf; in a Word, *Ingratitude* is the fouleſt Vice in the World; ſo that 'tis an old ſaying, *Si Ingratum dixeris, omnia dixeris*; and therefore the *Ungrateful* are Every way hated, as being *under the Suſpicion of every Vice*; on the contrary, *Grateful Perſons* (and much more when a *Britiſh* Monarch gives us an Illuſtrious Inſtance of *Royal Gratitude* in his own Perſon) are in the eſtimation of all Men, having by their *Gratitude* put in a Kind of *Security*, that they are not without ſome Meaſure of *every other ſort of Virtue*. Sir *William Fitzwilliams* the Elder, being a Merchant-

(*a*) Cambd. Eliz. (*b*) Plut. in Vita Pyrr.

Taylor, and Servant sometime to Cardinal *Woolsey*, was chosen Alderman of *Broad-street* Ward in *London* 1506, going afterwards to Dwell at *Milton* in *Northamptonshire*; in the Fall of the Cardinal his former Master, he gave him kind Entertainment there at his House in the Countrey; for which being called before the King, and Demanded "*How he durst* "*Entertain so great an Enemy to the State?* His Answer was, *That he* "*had not contemptuously, or wilfully done it, but only because he had been* "*his Master and partly the Means of his Greatest Fortunes*" The King was so pleased with his Answer, that saying, *Himself had few such Servants*, Immediately Knighted him, and afterwards made him one of his *Privy-Council*; if therefore *Gratitude* be such a *distinguishing Vertue*, that a Man can neither be *a Good King*, *a Good Subject*, *a Good Christian*, *nor a Good Friend* without it; I am then (as a Clergyman) greatly obliged, both in *Gratitude* and *Justice* to Mr. *DUNTON*, to make these *Impartial Remarks* upon his PETITION to his Majesty, that so the Present *Whig-Ministry* may do him that Justice (by informing the King of his *distinguished Services* to his Illustrious House) which the Whole NATION most justly expects from them as will soon appear in *An Address of the Clergymen's Sons to his Majesty* (in Mr. *Dunton*'s Behalf) if his own *Petition* prove Unsuccessful.

I have now Pleaded *the Poor Man's Cause by whom the City was sav'd*, and whose Services and Sufferings cannot miss of a Noble REWARD; if there be either *Honour*, or *Conscience*, or *Gratitude*, upon the Face of the Earth.

Mr.

Mr. John Dunton's Forty POLITICAL TRACTS, *Proving King* George *our* Rightful and ever Glorious Sovereign, *and the Pretender* a Popiſh Impoſtor (*being the Forty BOOKS mentioned in* p. 2. *in the* PETITION *to his Majeſty, and were moſt of them Publiſhed when* Oxford *and* Bolingbrook *were* Two Reigning Favourites; *and the reſt ſince his Majeſty's* Happy Acceſſion *to the* Britiſh *Throne, and are theſe following,* viz.)

1. *NECK or Nothing*, in a Letter to the Earl of *Oxford*, being a Supplement to Mr. *Walpole*'s ſhort Hiſtory of the Parliament.

2. *Queen Robin*, or the Second Part of *Neck or Nothing*, detecting the Secret Reign of the Four laſt Years of her late Majeſty Queen *Anne*.

3. *The ſhorteſt Way with the King*, or Plain *Engliſh* ſpoke to his Majeſty; being the Third Part of *Neck or Nothing*.

4. *The Impeachment*, or *Great-Britain*'s Charge againſt the late Miniſtry, in Sixty Articles.

5. *Whig-Loyalty*, or a Private Letter to her late Majeſty Queen *Anne*, by Mr. *John Dunton*; in which he offers to appear and prove all his Diſcoveries in his Narrative, entitled *Neck or Nothing*.

6. *The Golden Age*, or a Viſion of the Future Happineſs of *Great Britain*, under the Glorious Reign of King *George*, and his Illuſtious Houſe to the World's End.

7. *The Medal*, or a Loyal Eſſay upon King *Gerge*'s Picture, as 'twas Preſented to Mr. *John Dunton*, by his Majeſty's Order.

8. *Dunton*'s *Ghoſt*, or a Speech to the moſt Remarkable Perſons in Church and State, written by the Author of *Neck or Nothing*, whilſt he was Number'd amongſt the Dead.

9. *The Hereditary Baſtard*, or the Royal Intrigue of the Warming-Pan fully detected, in a Sermon upon theſe Words; *And a Baſtard ſhall dwell in Aſhdod*, Zech. 9. 6.

10. *Ox*—— and *Bull*——, or a Funeral Sermon for the Two Beaſts that are to be ſlaughter'd on *Tower-Hill*, next Seſſion of Parliament, upon theſe Words; *But theſe, as natural Brute Beaſts, made to be Taken and Deſtroyed.* 2 Pet. 2.

11. *King Abigail*, or the Secret Reign of the She-Favourite detected; and apply'd in a Sermon upon theſe Words: *And Women Rule over them*, Iſa. 3. 12.

12. *Bungey*,

12. *Bungey*, or the False Brother (Dr. *Sacheverell*) proved his own Executioner: In a Sermon Preached on these Words; *And went and Hang'd himself*, Matt. 27. 5.

13. *Frank Scammony*, or the Restoring Clergy detected in their Names, Haunts, Plots, Heresies, and Leud Conversation: In a Sermon upon these Words; *Her Priests have violated my Law, and I am profaned among them*, Ezek. 22. 16. Occasion'd by a certain Bi——ps swearing, *We'll have the* Pretender by *G——d.*

14. *Seeing's Believing*; or, King *George* Proved a Us——per, and his whole Reign one continued Act of *C——ty* and *Op——n*, and other *Notorious Failings*; Written by a Subject to the Lawful King. The whole Essay being *a Satyrical Irony*, to prove King *George* the *most Rightful and Glorious Prince* that ever sat on the *British Throne.*

15. *The High Church Gudgeons*; or, A Day's Ramble to catch the Foolish *Jacks* with their own Treason: Being a Key to that Loyal Irony, intitled, *Seeing's Believing*; or, King *George* Prov'd a Us——per; for writing whereof, Mr. *Dunton* was Three Times carry'd before a Magistrate the same Day, and as often Acquitted, for a Loyal Subject and Honest Man.

16. *The Devil's Martyr's*; or, Plain Dealing: In Answer to the *Jacobite* Speeches of those Two Perjured Rebels *William Paul*, a Clergyman, and *John Hall*, a Justice of Peace; *fairly proving*, No British Subject can be *a true Son of the Church of* England, that dies asserting the Pretender has any Right to his Majesty's Crown.

17. *Royal Gratitude*; (or King *George's* Promise never to forget his Obligations to those who have Distinguished themselves in his Service) critically consider'd, In a Letter to *Robert Walpole* Esq; Occasioned by a General Report, that Mr. *John Dunton* (Author of *Neck or Nothing*) will speedily be Rewarded with a Considerable Place or Pension.

18. *King* George *for Ever*; or, *Dunton's* Speech to the Protestant Associators of *Great-Britain*; but more especially to those of the *Tower-Hamlets.*

19. *The Manifesto of King* John *the Second* (*alias* Mr. *John Dunton*) declaring he has fairer Pretensions to be Sole Monarch of these Kingdoms, than that Popish Impostor that Stiles himself, *James the Third.*

20. *The Ideal Kingdom*; or, A Description of what Court *John the Second* resolves to keep, and in what Manner he intends to *Reign*, in in Case (after the Death of *King* George, *and the several Branches of his Illustrious House*) he should Defeat his *Popish Rival* for the British Crown, and be chose *Sole Monarch of* Great-Britain.

21. *The Mob War*; or, A Detection of the Present State of the *British Nation*: Containing such Discoveries (in Church and State) as were never Published before.

22. *King William's Legacy*; An Heroick Poem. In two Parts. Containing ——— (1.) The Celestial Coronation; or, The Joyful Acclamations of the Blessed in Heaven, on the same Day on which our Glorious *George* was Crowned Monarch of *Great Britain.* (2.) *No Pretender*; or, The General Thanksgiving on Earth: Being a Comment in Prose and Verse upon all the rejoycing Sermons that were Preached June the 7th, upon the Total Defeat of the *English* and *Scotch* Jacobites.

23. *Burnet*

23. *Burnet and Wharton*; or, The Two Immortal Patriots; An Heroick Poem. Inſcribed to all true Lovers of their King and Country; but more eſpecially thoſe that had the Honour to be Perſonally known either to the late Biſhop of *Salisbury*, or the Marquiſs of *Wharton*.

24. *The Pulpit Lunaticks*; or, A Mad Anſwer to a Mad Report, made by a Committee of Mad Prieſts, againſt *Benjamin* Lord Biſhop of *Bangor*, and moſt humbly Inſcribed to that Truly, Pious, Learned, and Immortal Prelate.

25. *The Bull-Baiting*; or, *Sacheverell* Dreſs'd up in Fire-works: Lately brought over from the *Bear-Garden* in *Southwark*, and Expos'd for the Diverſion of the Citizens of *London*, at *Six-pence a-piece*.

26. *The Conventicle*; or, A Narrative of the Diſſenters new Plot againſt the Preſent Conſtitution, in Church and State; Written by Way of *Irony*, Proving the Proteſtant Diſſenters, and Low Church-men, his Majeſty's moſt Loyal Subjects, and beſt Friends.

27. *The Hannover Spy*; or, Secret Hiſtory of St. *James's*, from the Reign of Queen *Robin* down to the late Miſunderſtanding in the Royal Palace.

28. *Dunton's Retantation*; or, His Reaſons for Deſerting his *Whigiſh Principles*, and turning *Jacobite*: Being *a Loyal Irony*; *or, Bite for the Jacobites*.

29. *The Paſſive Rebels*; or, A Satyr upon the High Church Impudence of wearing Oaken Boughs on the Reſtoration Day, Rue and Thyme on the Thankſgiving-Day, and Whites Roſes on the Pretender's Birth-Day.

30. The *Pulpit Trumpeter*; or, The Subſtance of all the Treaſonable Sermons that have been preach'd at White-Chapel by that Nonjuring Rebel Dr. *Welton*; Atteſted by two of his conſtant Hearers.

31. *The High Church Martyrology*; or, The True Character of all thoſe that have dy'd by the *Ignominious Death of the Halter*, for Rebelling againſt their Lawful Sovereign King *George*.

32. *The Pulpit-Bite*; or, A Satyr on the Hereditary (or High Church) Fools *(However Dignify'd or Diſtinguiſhed)* that would Reſtore a *Popiſh* Pretender under a Falſe Pretence that *the Church is in Danger* under his Preſent Majeſty.

33. *The Pretender*; or, Sham King: A Trage-Comedy. As it was Acted upon the Theatre of *Great-Britain* during the late Curſed Rebellion.

34. *God Save the King*; or, A Speech to our Rightful and ever Glorious Sovereign upon his firſt Landing at *Greenwich*: Giving him a hearty Welcome to his New Dominions.

35. *The Proteſtant Noſegay*; or, A Panegyrick upon the *Royal Orange*, and upon all Things dignify'd with an Orange-Colour, as it is to King *William* we owe the invaluable Bleſſing of the Proteſtant Succeſſion in the Illuſtrious Houſe of *Hannover*.

36. George *the Second*; or, The True Prince of *Wales*: An Heroick Poem. Dedicated to that Truly, Loyal, and Thoughtful Patriot, who was the firſt Propoſer of that *Bleſſed Legacy*, the Proteſtant Succeſſion in the *Illuſtrious Houſe of* Hannover.

37. *The*

37. *The Queen by Merit* ; A Paradox fully proved in the Illuſtrious Character of her Royal Highneſs the Princeſs of *Wales.*

38. *The Royal Pair* ; or, A Panegyrick upon Conjugal Love : Inſcrib'd to (that Matchleſs Inſtance of it) the Prince and Princeſs of *Wales.*

39. *The Unborn Princes* ; An Heroick Poem : Inſcribed to the Royal Iſſue of the *Illuſtrious Houſe of* Hannover, not yet in Being ; but is more Particularly Addreſs'd to Prince *Frederick George*, and the Two Young Princeſſes, more lately arrived at the *Port of Life.*

40. *All's at Stake* ; or, The only Way to Retrieve the Loſt Glory, Honour, Piety, Morals, and Unanimity of *Great-Britain*, is by the Choice of a Good Parliament.

Theſe *Forty Political Tracts*, (except thoſe of them that are out of Print) are all ſold by *S. Popping* in *Pater-noſter-Row*, and moſt Bookſellers in *Great Britain* and *Ireland.*

FINIS.